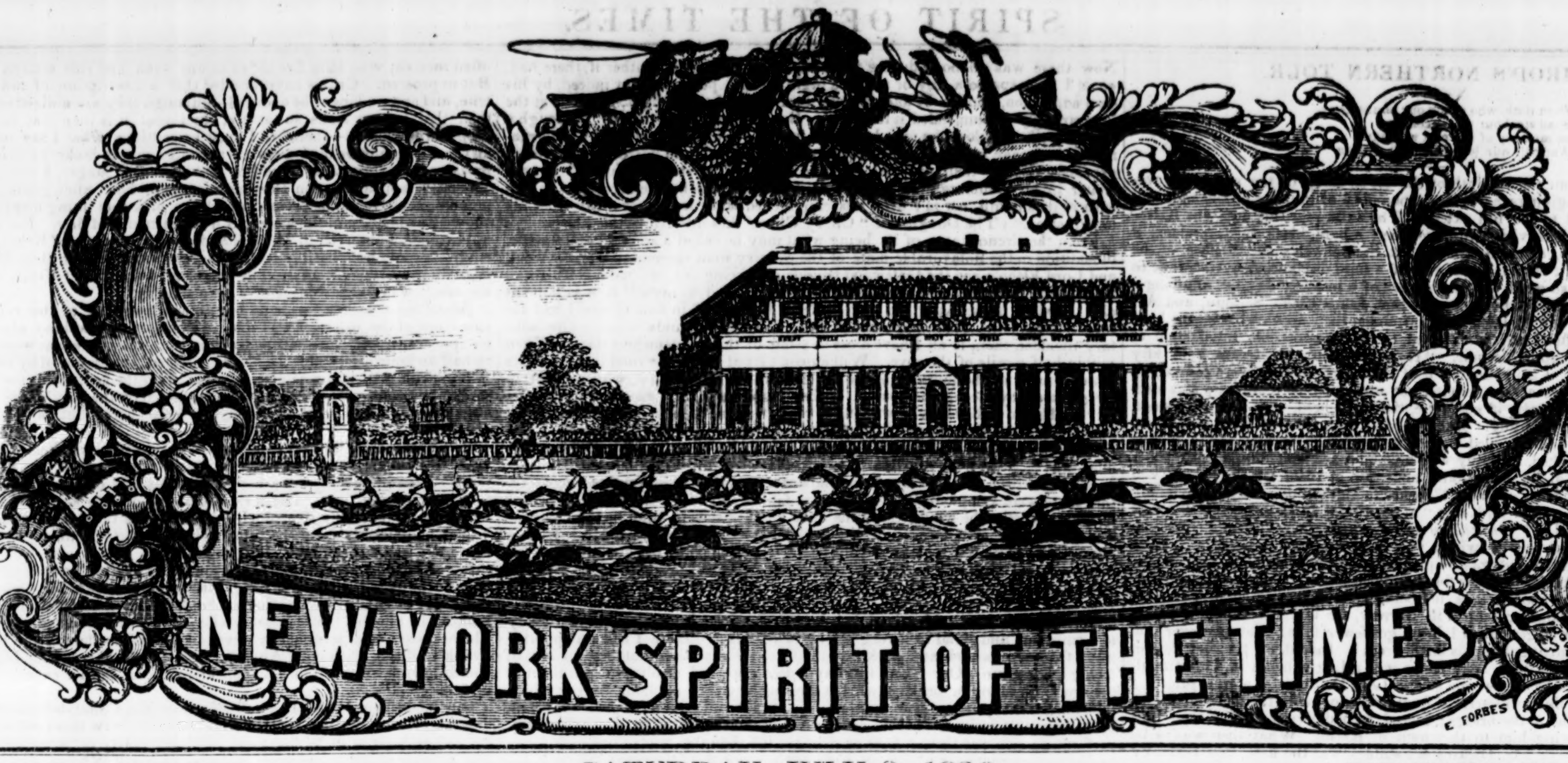

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 20.

FUN ON THE WATER.

The annexed song and recitations we commend to our friend *Jack Reeve*, the great comic lion of the day. There's no telling how many Boat Clubs would vote him an honorary member were he to introduce it into some of his entertainments at the Park. A queer friend of his, over the water, wrote it, but how it ever found its way into the columns of The Spirit of the Times is—not as nobody knows of.

The Sailing Match—Dedicated to Mr. John Reeve.

AIR—"*Here's to the Maiden.*"

They may talk of their Ganges, their Euphrates so fair,
Also of the Nile and the Lea, sirs.
But can all, e'en the Hudson or Liffey compare
To Father Thames, called the Londoners' sea, sirs!

SPOKEN.] Now, are you all ready there in the boat? where's Mrs. B.? oh, here you are, do you sit on one side of your mamma, Wilhelmina and Augustus on the other, like two pockets, and take that basket of sandwiches in your lap; also tea-kettle, but mind the smut—there, now trim the boat. Ah, I like to come out with Aquatic, he's been a sailor.—No, he has'nt.—Yes, he has.—Well, if I was'nt, my father was; and moreover than that, he was drowned in Chelsea-reach, so I think I ought to know something of the navigation of the river.—I say young man, what are the names of the vessels that start?—Why, Ma'am, the Wenus, the Wirgin, the Wictoria, Vill-o'-the-Visp, and three others, whose names I can't properly pronounce; but they're all ready, and will start when the pistol fires.—Bless me, do they use pistols in sailing matches?—Yes, ma'am, that's the prize; which ever vessel brings back the bullet in the shortest time gains the day. Ah! how do you do, Mr. Chesterfield? I say that's Mr. Chesterfield, son to the gentleman that wrote a book about politeness, warning how to blow noses, and leave go of button-holes. Is it indeed? I'll speak to him; how does your venerable father do, sir?—How? why, the old *buffer* is as *stiff* as *pitch*.—Ah neighbour Henpeck, how is it you are out to-day, this is the first day I ever saw you take pleasure, how is this?—How? Mrs. H. is buried to-day.—Hollo! there goes the Don Giovanni, how she cuts along—there they go—now mind, Mrs. B.—all right, look out now—down with your oars, gentlemen, and all keep time by your watches.—Mrs. B. put the rudder a little to the other side.—Off we go.

As the wind blows, so the boat rows,
And still with more vigor each waterman glows.

The Boats are skimming, their white pouting sails,
Like swains cleaving through the blue sky, sirs,
Petitions are sent up for favoring gales,
As onward the vessels quick fly, sirs.

SPOKEN.] There they go! Oh, how beautiful! how majestic. B. my dear, which do you think will win?—Why, she that gets in first.—How far have they to go, Aquatic? Why, right up the river through Battersea arches, and back again against wind and tide, until they anchor safe at Cumberland gardens. Now, that's why I like to come out with Aquatic, he knows every thing. Sir, why is that place called the Red House?—Why, because it's brown. I should not think any-thing could go quicker than that ere wessel, my love! Don't under-rate the velocity of your own tongue, my dear.—Oh dear! see if that little boy has'nt fallen through by the bridge, and there he's hanging. Oh dear! oh! oh!—I say, my young one, did you see the vessels start?—Yes.—Well, wait there, and you'll se'em come back again—now they go; look at them; they're in, they're in, the Wictoria! the Wictoria! Now, he's going to have his cup.—What cup, Mr. Aquatic? Why, don't you know all this sailing is for a little cup, which is filled with a gallon of brandy punch, and given to the conqueror, who is expected to drink it all.—What all?—Every drop, and eat the lemon of it. Bless me what an undertaking! Ah! but that isn't half, he must keep sober afterwards.

As the wind blows, &c.

Contention has ceased, and resigned up to glee,
Each party floats down with the tide sir;
They take out their dinners and prepare for the tea,
With ham sandwiches, and sour meat beside, sir.

SPOKEN.] Well now, we'll lay upon our oars a little while, and take a rest.—Sir, I don't know what you mean by them ere nawtical expressions, but when you come out with ladies, you might be a little more discriminate.—Oh, there's no harm to lay upon our oars, it means to give up to the direction of Neptune and Heolus. Really, I don't think we ought to give up to anybody except the people we hired it of, and their names is Sullivan.—Mr. Dulcet, might we beg the favour of your services of the flute?—I am, sure, ma'am, I shall be happy, but you see as we begin to row again, I can't pull and blow too.—Here, stop, first fill me this tea-kettle with water.—I'll do that; oh, bless me, it has fallen to the bottom.—I did not tell you to do that—No, but you told me to fill it with water, and I dare say it is. Well, sir, I don't wan't to say any thing, only, don't talk to me any more on the voyage; now, where's the sugar? oh, I have it in my coat-pocket. Have you? then your coat pocket has been in the water this half-hour.—Sir, you are very obnoxious, very obnoxious indeed; I don't like it, and mind you don't speak to me any more during the voyage.—Well, I won't.—Don't.—I won't.—Don't, I say.—Now, Mr. Dulcet, will you blow?—With all my wind, ma'am. (*Plays the flute.*)—Beautiful! well now, this is pleasant; though I wish we had some tea. Don't you, Aquatic? why, where's Aquatic?—Mr. A. where can he be gone to? friend A. where are you?—My love, where can A. have got to? Well, if I must speak, Mr. A fell overboard some time since; but as he desired me to take no notice of it during the voyage, I held my tongue.

As the wind blows, &c.

BYRON'S HORROR OF GROWING FAT—There was one most amiable trait in Byron's character, to which none of his biographers have done justice, although it showed his superior judgment, no less than his exquisite taste, and refined sensibility; namely, his horror to growing fat. In fatness there is most assuredly neither poetical nor moral fitness; corpulency, or any tendency to it being a very unseemly garb for so exceedingly rare and ethereal a quality as genius. We do not believe there is a single instance of a great poet, or great genius of any kind, (setting aside Gibbon,) who has been remarkably fat. Look at Dante's lank jaws, as we behold him in his portraits; or again, that living personification of gaunt famine, Paganini; and then doubt the correctness of our theory. What was fatal to Napoleon? Not fate, but three quarters of it—fat! While he was a lean starveling, his star was in its ascendancy; but le petit corporal grew corpulent, and showed, like Falstaff, a most wonderful "alacrity in sinking." Justly, therefore, does the Poet, say:

"Twas fat, not fate, by which Napoleon fell."

Nothing can be more antipoetical, unheroic, or unsentimental than fat. In a prize ox it is admirable; nor may it, perhaps, unqualify a man from writing a prize poem,—(poems so called, we apprehend, by the rule of contraries—they never being at all prized by the public:) but the D——s of St——'s would look the character of Juliet as well as a huge carcass of flesh would become the author of Childe Harold. It is true, Petrach seems to have been a jolly looking fellow, more addicted to wining than to whining; but then his passion is known to have been all sham,—frosty, metaphysical stuff, without the slightest real feeling. No doubt, a fat man may have a talent for humour,—may be a clever comic writer, or a capital punster; yet that does not invalidate our theory. There is as every body must perceive, something particularly fatal to genius in being all fat. Yes, reader, you may laugh; but, prithee, take care that you do not "laugh and grow fat."

Archery and Archness.

EDWIN FORREST, THE TRAGEDIAN.

The Evening Post states that letters from Mr. Forrest have been received as late as the 14th ultimo, in which he mentions that he was in the enjoyment of excellent health, and about to visit England. We copy from the London Morning Herald a lively extract of a letter from Mr. Forrest to the editor of that print, relating to his visit to the ancient capital of Russia. Our gifted countryman, it will be seen, has not contented himself with following the ordinary track of those who go from this country to the old world, visiting merely the most interesting countries of Western Europe, but has made the entire circuit of that continent, with the exception of the Spanish Peninsula, and has even wandered into Asia. Here follows the extract from his letter:—

MOSCOW AND RUSSIAN POWER.—"Since I saw you I have been in strange lands, and seen strange sights I have traversed the Baltic and the wide dominions of the ambitious Autocrat—crossed the Euxine and dipped into Asia and European Turkey—'kept due onwards to the Propontic and the Hellespont'—wandered amid the faultless fragments of the 'bright clime of battle and of song'—sailed by the Ionian Isles—visited the chief towns of the Germanic Confederation, and here I am at last, safe and sound, in the ever gay capital of France. I thank Heaven my travelling in the 'far East' is at an end. One is rather badly accommodated there in the way of railroads and steamers. However, take it all in all, I have every reason to be satisfied with the voyage, for there is no kind of information but must be purchased with some painstaking, and one day I shall fully enjoy all this in calm retrospection from the bosom of the 'unpruned forest.' Yes, the sight of the city of Moscow alone would amply repay one for all risks and fatigues at sea. Never shall I forget my sensations, when from the great tower of the Kremlin, one bright sunny day, I looked down upon that beautiful city. The numberless domes beaming with azure and with gold, the checkered roofs, the terraces, the garden slopes, the mingling of all the styles and systems of architectural construction, now massive and heavy, now brilliant and light, and every where fresh and original, enchanted me—and, I am free to confess, Russia astonished me. I have sailed down the mighty Mississippi—I have been in the dark and silent bosom of our own forest homes—I have been under the eye of Mont Blanc and Olympus—I grew familiar with Rome and with London, without experiencing the same degree of wonder which fastened upon me in Russia. I thought there to have encountered with hordes of semi-barbarians—yet I found a people raised, as it were, at once from a state of nature to our level of civilization. Nor have they apparently, in their rapid onward course, neglected the *means* to render their progress sure and certain. And then, what an army, a million of men and all wearing the best forms of men—the best disciplined, and better able to endure the 'labored battle sweat' by their constant activity, the rigour of their climate, and their ignorance of all pleasures which serve to effeminate. The navy, too, though in an imperfect state, compared with the army, (in sailors not ships) will doubtless soon hold a distinguished rank. Only think of such a power, increasing every day—*stretching out wider and wider*, and all confessing one duty—obedience to the will of the absolute Sovereign. Though I am unskilled in 'political lore,' yet as we Yankees assume the right to 'guess' upon all subjects, 'I calculate' your government had better keep a watchful eye upon the ermined Scythian, or he'll bother your commerce in certain quarters. He hates both England and France, and his warlike attitude from Cronstadt to the Crimea, at least deserves attention from those who know how to appreciate peace and freedom. You will say this is all *stuff*, but you will think otherwise, when, in a short time, Nicholas shall have possession of Constantinople and the Bosphorus."

Coffee Drinker's Song—or Song of the Coffee Drinker.

An original imitation of the "Song of the Water Drinker" in the Evening Star.

Strong coffee; the drink of all drink,
I care not what others may think,
It driveth off care, it maketh not high,
It quencheth the thirst; for coffee I cry!
Oh coffee, strong coffee for me,
Give wine to the weak debauchee.

Oft times in the course of the week
To Delmonico's nimbly I sneak,
Where comfortably seated, "here garcon," I cry,
Demi tasse de cafe, with a vink of my eye,
Oh coffee, strong coffee for me,
Give wine to the weak debauchee.

When the toils of the day are completed,
And by my own hearth I am seated,
Then coffee I shout, my meat and my drink,
Strong coffee 'tween Heaven and Earth glorious link;
Yes; coffee, strong coffee for me,
Give wine to the weak debauchee.

When fatigued I retire to my bed
Dear Morpheus to court and to wed,
Then wild are the dreams, which ever I see,
Produc'd by thy influence, potent coffee;
Oh coffee, strong coffee for me,
Give wine to the weak debauchee.
Oh coffee, my riband, my star,
Hurra for thee, coffee, hurra!

I. M. C.

On the 155th page is an account from the Evening Star, of an exhibition at the Howard House, last week, by *Deaf Burke*, of the British P. R. We have thought proper to refer to it, inasmuch as several "knowing ones" inform us that it is inaccurate in many particulars. Burke has very little science, but his thorough game is undoubted. Harrington, or O'Rourke, and one or two *gentlemen* of this city, "can give him his change" any day; and if he offers Andy McLean [not Andrew McKean] of Philadelphia, the odds of $5000 to $4000, he will not only miss a figure, but a figure 5 with three cyphers tacked to it.

The American Monthly Magazine for July is already out. It is enriched by the finest engraving of Lord Byron we have yet seen. By the way, the series of engravings which Dearborn gives in his magazine are worth the price of subscription. In a few days we shall know more of the literary excellence of this number.

VARIETIES.

Old Hickory and King Bill.—The Journal of Commerce says that a highly accomplished lady who has just arrived on a visit to this country, has it in charge among the last words spoken to her by the King of England, previous to her departure, to say to the President of the United States, that when his term of public service shall have expired, and he shall be at leisure, nothing would give the King more pleasure than to receive a visit from Jackson. Excellent good! To see the old General smoking his pipe, and the sailor King sipping his grog, in the "East Room" at Windsor Castle, would "be a caution." Unfortunately the General cannot reciprocate by entertaining the King at the White House as he cannot go out of his Kingdom.

SINGING BY NOTE.—A Glee Club in Philadelphia, offer a prize to the composer of the best Glee, to be presented for the use of the Club. Here now is a chance for some musical genius, to strike his *golden* lyre, in *rich* and *silvery* cadence, notes for *notes*, a fair exchange. *Quaver* and *skake* away, my fine fellows; *five hundred dollars* are charming *appoggiaturas*—embellishments to the music of money's tinkling. Any one can compose a *Glee* with *glee*, when the *key-stone* is $500. May each one's hopes be *in alto*, their profits *trebled*, and placed down on the *counter*—may their happiness ever be *crescendo* and misfortune never make them *doloroso*; may they ever be ready *con spirito* to *repeat* a good action, without *rest*, and when in life's grand *finale*, the pulse shall no more *beats* in a bar, may they be prepared *volti subito* for the *space above*.

Petersburgh, Va. Constellation.

GOOD WORK.—On Monday week, a gentleman, for a bet, undertook to ride 120 miles in 12 hours, the ground chosen for the purpose being from the first to the sixth milestone on the Dee-side-road, and completed his task in 9 hours and 40 minutes, having out of that time rested himself for about half an hour. On the same day he dined with a party of friends, and afterwards danced at a ball. Bets having been taken that he would not on Tuesday perform the same feat, he accepted the offers, and on this occasion completed his distance in nine hours and a half. After finishing the labours of the day, this accomplished sportsman dined with the officers of the 79th Regiment, and afterwards visited the circus, from whence he was to return to sup with his friends in the barracks. There were three horses engaged in the match.

Aberdeen (Scotland) Journal.

DUBLIN MAY 10.—An "affair of honor" served to furnish some topic for small talk in our city yesterday. A gentleman who would lead the ton, son of a highly respectable public officer, and himself late an officer in the army, in some moment of excitation or inspiration, called the son of one of our first merchants "a fool." High words followed, and to the ground they proceeded yesterday morning, armed at all points, both fire arms and stationery. The men were scarcely placed and the preliminaries arranged, when, instead of the *rappel aux armes*, it was the *rappel a la carte*, and a sheet of gilt-edged paper finished the business. Mr. ——— made an apology, such as Mr. ———'s second dictated, and the parties left the ground "undyed with purple gore."

A SCENE IN KENTUCKY.—Early one morning the shouts and cries of a female were heard; all ran to the spot. When they arrived, they saw a bear and a man in combat. They had it hip and thigh, up and down, over and under—and the man's wife standing by and hollowing "Fair play! fair play!" The company ran up and insisted on parting them. The woman said "No no, let them fight; it's the first I ever saw in which I didn't care which whipped."

GREAT SPORT.—What a pity some English fox hounds and sportsmen had not been the other day at Greenfield, Massachusetts. Col. Williams, of Ashfield, at his place in that neighborhood, destroyed last week in one day, no less than *seven* fine foxes, who had congregated in an old barn and been preying on his sheep and poultry. There is a bounty of fifty cents a head, and the skins also bring a good price.—*Star*.

Mr. Willis has returned like his talented countrymen, Irving and Cooper, to the land of his nativity, in one respect happier than either, for he has taken with him a lovely English bride. We observed Mrs. N. P. Willis at a *fete* at Devonshire house,—beautiful—amongst the beautiful!—and perfectly unconscious of her charms.—*London Court Journal*.

It is rumored in the Parisian fashionable circles that the Princess Clementine, youngest daughter of the King, is likely to bestow her hand on her illustrious cousin, the King of Naples, when the period of his widowhood shall have expired. The princess Clementine is in her 19th year, and possesses great beauty and accomplishments.

Another Prize Tragedy.—Miss Clifton a young American actress, who has been for some time in England perfecting herself, and winning golden opinions, has offered $1,000 for the best tragedy to be deliverable next fall. This with Mr. Wallack's equally liberal offer, will set all the dramatic *mills* of our country to work. Mount your Pegassus, each one of you! and show the world, that as we have the best tragedian living, in the person of Edwin Forrest, we have likewise the talent to find exercise for his powers.

American Constellation, Va.

We are happy to perceive a refutation from Gen. Hamilton's own pen, of the report current here a few weeks since, that he was concerned in a plot to deprive the gallant Houston of the command of the Texian army. He says, "I am sure that those who know me, will believe that *I am* at least, innocent of the charge of sanctioning any "*plot*," to deprive a gallant soldier of the command of an army to which he has vindicated a paramount claim by his own sword, more especially at a moment when wounded in a battle which has covered him with laurels, he is at once the object of mingled sympathy and admiration."

Wallack has offered $1,000 for a play founded on events in American history, the chief character to be adapted to his style of acting, namely the melo-dramatic; Miss Clifton also, whose performances created such a sensation in England, has offered a like sum, for a prize tragedy, in which she can play the Heroine. The Boston Transcript in an article highly *complimentary* to the dramatic writers of the day, suggests that, if Mr. Wallack and Miss Clifton can raise $1,000 each, they had better club stock, and give it to somebody for a good *farce*, in which they can both appear!

Emigrant and Old Countryman.

THE BOAT RACE.—The race for $100 a side between the sailing yachts *Stephen Decatur* and *Liberty* came off on Tuesday last on the Delaware at Philadelphia. The distance to be run was to Chester and back. The boats started very handsomely from Maull's wharf, Kensington, the wind fresh from the N. E. The Decatur soon took the lead by about half a mile, but when off Hogg Island unluckily carried away her rudder and her crew found it necessary to run her into the back channel of the Schuylkill to repair, while the Liberty persued her course, and passed before a temporary rudder could be rigged. In consequence of this detention, the Liberty was about five miles ahead of her opponent on rounding the buoy at Chester. On the return, the wind dead ahead, a heavy sea, and both boats closely reefed, the Decatur, while rapidly gaining, became again unmanageable from the former accident. She was, therefore, brought too at Tinicum, the Liberty, of course, winning the money. The Decatur club, we understand, not considering this race a test, are desirous of having another trial on the same terms.

Pennsylvanian.

RACING AT PARIS.—It has been calculated that Miss Annette, the filly belonging to Lord Seymour, has already won for her owner stakes and bets to the amount of 700,000 fr. (£28,000,) at the different races in France and Belgium where she has been entered.

NIMROD'S NORTHERN TOUR.

"When time, who steals our hours away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay
And half our joys renew."—MOORE.

MONDAY 24th. From the strength of the ice so early on the preceding evening, I had serious misgivings as to the probability of hunting on the morrow, and they were verified to the full extent. The fixture for this day was Kelso-bridge, but that unwelcome visitor in November, a hard, black frost, rendered it of no avail. At Kelso, and still more so, at St. Boswell's the surface of the ground was as hard as it often is at the end of a third day's frost, yet strange to say, at Dunse, it had so much the appearance of a hunting day,—"allowing a little for the morning," as fox hunters say—that Lords Elcho, Saltoun, and Archibald Seymour, and Mr. M'Dougal Grant, made their appearance in the hunt room about an hour after I had breakfasted, to the inexpressible satisfaction of Peter, who had given up in despair. "Now, Seymour, where are your fifty pounds for Nimrod?" I could hear one of them say, as they were coming up stairs; and hereon hangs a tale perhaps not unworthy of relating. His lordship has a black mare, nearly, if not quite, thorough bred, very fast, very stout, and also a large fencer, naturally. But she has a fault for which she is indebted to nature. She has what is called a joint in her neck; in fact, she is what is termed ewe or stag-necked, as many well-bred ones are, and consequently she is very difficult to handle at her fences, and uncertain at them. "Why don't you put a martingal on that mare, my lord?" said I to him one day, seeing the failing she had. "Oh," replied his lordship, "a martingal *looks* so low." "Never mind the look," resumed I, "*you will go faster* with it than without it; and you will ride your mare with safety, which you have not done heretofore." Lord Archibald took my advice and was so pleased with the effect of it, that he declared he would not take fifty pounds for the advice Nimrod had given him. But it is all nonsense talking about horses not being able to cross a country in martingals. Who rode straighter than Will Barrow, the late Mr. Corbet's huntsman? Who rode over larger fences? Who got fewer falls? and who ever saw him *without* a long martingal on his snaffle rein? Indeed, on the very day on which I had offered this advice, Lord Elcho was riding a horse in a martingal, and which horse I heard he afterwards sold to Lord Eglinton, at a good price.

About 12 o'clock, Williamson arrived from the kennel with the fatal news that no hounds were to be had at the bridge; indeed, he had been obliged to wait for a rough-shod horse to bring him to the town of Kelso. What then was to be done? A lounge through Mr. Dickinson's stables was the first step taken by way of killing time, and then a walk to the bridge, to hear the news of the river. But from whom were we to hear it?—not from one of the fifteen salmon we saw basking in its bed, but from the keeper of the toll-bar on the bridge, who had formerly kept a fishing hut on its banks, to which some of the celebrated gentlemen-fishermen resorted. "Who killed the most salmon in one day last season?" (it was now fence time) was the question I put to him. "One squire Musters from England," replied the old keeper; "he killed nine clean fish." But I have reason to believe there are few better fishermen than Mr. Musters; and I can produce one fact in corroboration of this assertion which I had from the lips of a friend of his and mine, with whom I spent a day last summer in Calais. "Last year," said he, "I got permission for Musters to fish in some preserved water, near Uxbridge, and where there was one trout of six pounds, in a certain hole, but so shy, that the keepers could not take him. Musters took him the third throw!"

Setting aside personal regard, I rejoice to hear anything of Mr. Musters—that paragon of British sportsmen. The last time I saw him he told me he should never hunt hounds again, but I said I was hard of belief on that subject. He is at work once more I find in his own country—Nottinghamshire—and such is the care that he has taken of himself—as another master of hounds said—chiefly for the sake of fox-hunting, that I was informed, on very good authority, that, one day last season he planted every man in the field at an awkward place under a tree. I read something in the papers at the commencement of the present season, of his son showing him the way at a rasper. It might have been so; the young ones ought to break the binders for the old ones; but I will answer for it that, on this day, the old one was "there or thereabouts" at the finish of the run spoken of. Mr. Musters, during his visit to Colonel Fotheringham in Forfarshire, was once out with Mr. Dalyell's hounds, which was the extent of his fox hunting in Scotland. Pardon this digression.

There were three renowned personages whose absence from Kelso, and its neighborhood, I very much regretted. These were, Lord John Scott, brother to the Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. Musters and Mrs. Brown, whose portrait adorns your number for May last. I had the honor of being introduced to Lord John, by Captain Ross, in London, but I never saw his lordship either before or since, to my knowledge. Independently of his fine horsemanship, the high character he bears in Roxburghshire as an open-hearted, unaffected young man, which it appears has fixed him so firmly in the kindly affections of all descriptions of persons, rendered me very desirous of making his acquaintance previously to my quitting Scotland; and I was flattered into a belief that such would be the case, as his return from the Mediterranean was every day expected. Mr. Musters had visited Kelso, not for the purpose of hunting but of fishing, so had no inducement to remain long after hunting commenced. Being by the side of the Tweed however, one day, as Williamson was finding his fox, he was fortunate enough to view him away, and of course "gave the office." "Who is that holloaing away the fox?" inquired the Duke; "*it is a sportsman I am sure.*"—It was Musters; to whom his Grace immediately made an offer of a mount so long as he remained in Scotland, but which that celebrated sportsman declined, having no hunting clothes at command.

It may readily be imagined that I was not a little in the dumps at this apparent prospect of a serious stop to hunting, and that the sight of fifteen salmon, out of season, or even the Arcadian scenery of the Tweed, was a poor substitute for the Duke of Buccleuch's fox-hounds, and a good day's sport. Moreover, Williamson had brought me the most agreeable intelligence that his Grace had ordered a horse to be at cover for me so long as I remained at Kelso. The day, however, despite of frost and fog, was not, as Thompson says, "delightless," for at this period of it, a trifling circumstance occurred that gave me great pleasure, inasmuch as it left its moral. This was the manner in which Lord Elcho addressed the toll-keeper and his wife, for old acquaintance sake, and no doubt in recollection of the sport he had had in company with the former, amongst the finny tribe. To make my story short—he shook them both heartily by their hands, and right-well pleased did they show themselves with the compliment paid them. But the moral! Why, simply this;—That no difference in rank and station allows a thoroughly kind-hearted man to stifle feelings nature has gifted him with, and they will burst forth when she calls. Nor is this all. There must have been a heartfelt consciousness in the old couple that their good conduct could alone have entitled them to this publicly-bestowed honour. No wonder then that—as I have already said he is—Lord Elcho is popular. Pride and ill-nature will be hated in spite of all the wealth and all the greatness this world can bestow; but civility is always safe. Even the double diadem of Demetrius could not command regard.

In an hour from this time, the Dunse party mounted the double-bodied phæton that had brought them to Kelso; Mr. Fletcher Campbell remounted in his hack; and, like the Doctor in the fable, the redoubted Peter

"Took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow."

And what was left for me? Nothing but Noctes Ambrosianæ in Blackwood's Magazine—a great treat I admit, and a substitute for most things, *save fox-hunting*—until a walk into the country was proposed by Mr. Callander, the ladies following us in his carriage, to inspect the house of a gentleman* in the neighborhood, conspicuous for his classical taste in books, pictures, and statues.

Tuesday, 25th. The frost disappeared as suddenly as it came, and the duke's hounds met this day at a place called Rutherford, distant from Kelso about four miles; but I have very little to say of sport. The ground was hard and slippery, the country bad, and the fox worse than all, for although he was found in, and broke from, a large wood, he suffered himself to be coursed in view by the pack, and died after a short run of somewhere about three miles. There was, in fact, but one redeeming clause in the operations of this day, which was the peculiarity of the spot on which the who-whoop took place—in a deeply sequestered and finely timbered glen, through which the Tweed meanders with more than its usual habits, also nearly opposite to the famous Abbey of Dryburgh, and from whence the venerable beauty of its ruin is exhibited to great advantage. To Scotchmen, this abbey is rendered interesting from sundry historical recollections; to all men by the fact that the remains of a man who—

"velut inter ignes luna minores"—

delighted the world by his literary talents, and astounded it by his literary labours, are interred within its walls. It is hardly necessary to add to whom I allude—*to the immortal author of Marmion;* and when listening to the baying of the hounds previously to their breaking up their fox, which resounded magnificently through the glades and windings of this deep ravine, I doubed not but that within its sepulchral walls—where echo, it is said, delights to dwell—it might also have been repeated to the listening ear. Knowing then, as I did know, that this departed poet was a sportsman and had so often made such scenes as this his theme, I could not but lament that the ear was deaf to the soul-enchanting sound. But I believe I am wrong here. The sepulchre of the poet is no longer the residence of Echo. It has been elegantly said, that, on the death of Bion, the disconsolate nymph roved among the rocks, listening, as it were, to catch the last murmuring of his notes; but listening in vain she became melancholy and mute.

Not far from this ancient monastery, and within our sight this day, was a still more splendid structure which superstition reared in the dark ages of this country—the far-famed Abbey of Melrose, which I ought to feel ashamed of myself for not having gone purposely to inspect. But what said the poet of whom I have just been speaking?

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

* Mr. Waldie, then absent at Bath.

Now there was no moon during the week I was at Kelso; neither if there had, could I have spared a day or rather a night for that purpose; nor indeed, by his own admission, had Sir Walter himself ever seen it by that light, when he at the time strongly recommended it to others. But this goes for nothing. Although a story may be fabulous the moral may be just, nor is truth weakened by the ornamental language in which it is conveyed to us. But I will borrow words more expressly elegant than my own. "The shaft of the stately column," says a writer in an Edinburgh Review,* "is not weakened by the Acanthus which curls at its summit, nor is reason less enlightened when it derives a ray from the imagination." The Douglas of "Chevy Chace" lies interred in this abbey.

From the circumstance of its being what may be called a second hand fixture, in addition to the unfavorable state of the country from the remains of the frost, and Lord Elcho's and the Galewood hounds also being out, we had a very small field, which rendered the disappointment the less; and to myself it was none at all. I rode a horse King had sent me from Edinburgh in lieu of one I had returned to him, and which appeared never to have seen hounds before. One solitary incident, then, is all I have more to relate of this inauspicious day. When within half a mile of the cover, Williamson turned out of the road into the fields parallel to it, for the purpose of avoiding thorns with which it was strewed, to the great annoyance of the hounds, as they found their way into their feet. Perceiving Frank Collison, who was in the rear of them, on a fine long-tailed horse, which threw up his heels and squealed after he leaped a fence, I observed to Mr. Callander—"What a slapping four-year-old colt Frank has got under him this morning!" Now what did this four-year-old colt prove to be, but old Alphabet *in his nineteenth year!* I was sorry, however, to learn before I quitted Scotland, that there were symptoms of the old horse failing—at all events doubts were entertained whether he would carry the duke another season, and for this reason: towards the end of a severe day, he, for the first time in his life—at least he was never given to do so—took to refusing his fences, which in old hunters is an almost unerring sign of "cutting it" altogether. However, go when he may, he owes his noble master nothing, as he must have given him many a delightful ride.

Wednesday, 26th. Met the duke's hounds at Kelso-bridge, and trotted away to Lempitlan, and found in a very strong whin cover. Here I had an opportunity of seeing this celebrated pack give the lie to the assertion that they are shy of facing thick gorse. Our fox on this day indeed appeared resolved to put them to the proof, for he never broke at all, but died at the end of an hour, during which time almost every hound was at work. I appeal to all who were present if they could expect or desire to see this species of fox-hunting better or more effectually performed; nor was there a finer or stronger fox than the hunted one ever seen; and his never attempting to break, showed the strength of the cover.

I had one of the duke's own horses brought to cover for me this day—a fine brown gelding, called Don Juan, by Childe Harold, purchased as Matthew told me, from Colonel Douglas, one of the duke's guardians, during his Grace's minority. I had the pleasure of knowing the Colonel, during the seasons he hunted in Oxfordshire, where we esteemed him—and I believe he is very generally esteemed—a superior judge of a hunter. There are some beautiful points in Don Juan—such as length of shoulder and frame, so highly essential in a hunter.

Our next draw was a noted cover called Haddon Riggs, which produced a fox that stood an hour and forty minutes and beat us by getting into a village. The country was good—enclosed throughout, in part strongly—and we had every description of chase to show off the working of the hounds. In short, it was what is called a fine hunting run, wanting nothing but the finish; and at times—the first burst in particular—fast enough for any man, considering the severity of the country. The first check—at crossing a road—was likewise happily got rid of by Williamson; and from end to end the run was ridden to, by the few horsemen who were out, in a straightforward and sportsman like manner. There was nothing like jealousy, no pressing upon hounds, but every man's object appeared to be the same—to see, and not to mar sport. The two Mr. Baillies, Mr. Henry Scott, of Haddon, a relation of the duke's, and Captain Spottiswoode were, as usual, where they ought to have been. The duke himself was not out. In the first place the fixture was a long distance from Bow-wood, where he was at that time residing; and, secondly, his Grace sacrifices his pleasures to the multifarious duties of his station to a degree that perhaps might scarcely be credited in a person at his age, and also so fond of hounds. In fact, no man works harder than the Duke of Buccleuch; but it appears Horace was right when he said

——"Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus."

Two circumstances in the course of this run call for a remark—one relating to the hounds, the other to their huntsman, and to which I have already slightly alluded. Towards the end of this fine run, it was my good fortune to get alongside the pack for about a mile, in a narrow valley, when they went their very best pace, with a breast-high scent over fine old grass. But they did not carry a head; on the contrary, they tailed, as the term is, to a more than usual degree.—My only remark to Williamson when we neared each other in the chase was—"Did you see those young Merlin hounds at head?" to which he nodded assent; but at a subsequent meeting in the field the following conversation took place between us:—

Nimrod. Your hounds did a good day's work on Wednesday, with that brace of foxes.

Williamson. They surely did. They worked very hard in the first whin, and it was very hot for them all that time in cover.

Nimrod. It told upon them; for they were somewhat blown where the scent was so good over the grass, in the valley.

Williamson. Wall, do you know, sir, (emphatically) *I was thinking* you would be of that opinion; but I will tell you what it was. You noticed those young Merlin hounds out of Countess and Lucy, at head. Wall—depend upon it, *the old hounds rather mistrusted them.*

Now my real motive for discussing this subject with Williamson was, a desire to hear from his own lips, and in his peculiar manner, what excuse he would offer for an apparent deficiency of either wind or power, and my readers will agree with me, that a better concocted one, at a pinch, could not have been produced by a huntsman. But who can blame a man for being jealous of the reputation of a system he has laboured to bring to perfection; and if I were to enumerate all the apologies for hounds that my recollection would furnish me with—for foxes "lost or mislaid"—they would form a long catalogue. Some of them, too, would amuse: as for example. "Who-whoop," holloaed one of our oldest, best, and cheeriest English gentlemen-huntsmen now going—as his hounds threw up at the end of a brilliant burst, succeeded by an unsuccessful cast. "*He's gone to ground;* Jezabel, good bitch, has marked him in. (Blowing his horn.) Get them away, Jack, we can't bolt him, for the drain runs across the high road."—Unfortunately, however, a yokel comes up to this best of all gentlemen-huntsmen with the following pithy information—which he himself knew as well as the yokel did. "I say—maester; there's no fox in yon drain, for I sees the cobwebs right in the mouth on't!"

But believe me, Mr. Williamson, there is to animal, if not to mechanical power, a limit which cannot be exceeded, how much-so-ever it may be increased by judicious assistance from man. The Duke of Buccleuch's hounds—or those of any other man—form not an exception to this rule. That hour's work in the whin of cover, added to another hour over a deep, and, in great part, ploughed country, some of which carried, as the term is, told upon them, as it would tell on all others; and towards the end of forty minutes more, it is not to be wondered at that young hounds—which perhaps had not been so active in the whin—should be at the head, and some of the old ones at the tail, and particularly so at the pace the pack was at this time going. Shortly after this the day told upon the horses, and the walls and ditches looked high and wide even to the best of them; but I saw no falls, and but few were absent at the finish.

I have previously alluded to two clever casts I saw made by Williamson, one of which—"the cast *forward*"—occurred towards the end of this chase. After running very hard over low, deep, and rich land, the hounds got upon that which was higher and lighter, which brought them to check in some plantations, a short distance from a gentleman's house which was below them.† Not hitting off the scent, after the second fling for it, Williamson put his horn to his mouth, and galloped down to the house, at which he knew there was a drain occasionally used by foxes. He was right; our fox had tried it, and gone on.

I have already mentioned the finish to this run. Our fox—evidently one of the right sort—gained the large village of Yetholm, the renowned colony of gypsies, and there found his safety. And yet one would imagine Yetholm to be about the last place for any living animal—eatable, or non-eatable—to find itself secure in; but it appears that the gypsies here are but little distinguished by peculiarity of character or habits from their fellow-townsmen, although they do not intermarry with them. There is a fine lake near this place called Primside lake, which Mr. George Baillie told me abounded with pike of great size; and amongst its other curiosities, the church of Yethom is covered with thatch—reminding one of the primitive simplicity of its first days.

It is somewhat remarkable that every pack of hounds in this part of Scotland had sport on this said Wednesday, November 26th. The duke's run was an hour and forty minutes; Major St. Paul had an hour and forty-five minutes, which cost Lord Frederick Fitzclarence a horse; and Lord Elcho an hour and thirty-five minutes, losing his fox, as we lost ours, in a village, at dark. Now does any gentleman-sportsman or philosopher—in this part of Scotland—keep a meteorological journal? If so, let me request him to turn to it and give us the result of his day's observations. It appears to have been a hunting day; for although our scent was at times flashy, I attributed that circumstance more to the country than to the day, and as it was, it was good enough to have killed the best fox that ever wore a brush—I mean by fair hunting, with pace enough to satisfy most men.

Thursday, November 27th. Mr. Callander and myself were on our hacks just as the day was dawning, having sixteen miles to ride to what I must call a nominal breakfast at Mr. Sprot's, of Riddle, for Peter had taken care to break our fast with a profusion of good things before we started. Still what matters it how

* January, 1835. Article, "British Scientific Association."

† Called The Cherry Trees.

often men eat who hunt five times in one week and ride sixteen miles to cover? But to proceed. Critics have decided that a description of *sun-set* is stale and trite, and can no longer be endured—although they are obliged to admit, that it is then that nature looks so lovely, and that it is then that her language is so deep and devotional—therefore I must be cautious what I say of *sun rise.* But all the Longinusses that were ever created cannot make us insensible to the impressions of nature, and were I to live a century longer, I should not forget old Phœbus's appearance on this morning, nor how, after gilding the tops of the mountains above us, he broke through the mist that hung upon the Tweed, and showed us his face in the water, as if in the mirror of day. But previously to his appearance, I observed to Mr. Callander, that the view of Kelso and its beautiful environs could not possibly look to more advantage than they did by the extraordinarily grey twilight of this fine morning, which, as "Venus is the promise of the sun," was the harbinger of a beautiful day.

About ten o'clock we were at our second breakfast at this venerable old mansion—one of the oldest, I was told, in this part of Scotland, and indeed such did its appearance indicate—where we found several sportsmen were assembled, and in half an hour afterwards the hounds arrived, accompanied by their noble owner. A horse called Bishop was also brought from the kennel for myself, and we immediately proceeded to business, accompanied by the lady of the honse, who rode elegantly and well, upon a thoroughly broke horse, but only as a amateur, at a distance.

Being splendidly mounted—on one of the duke's own horses again, and I believe the best fencer in his stables*, I was sorely disappointed at the unfavorable result of this promising day; for old Phœbus had disappeared, and it had every sign of a hunting one. The hounds divided on two scents at starting, and although we run one fox to ground at double quick time, there was too much of the "short and sweet" about the thing to be satisfactory, unless it were to the horses. We had a sharp burst with another fox, which also went to ground; but this was not *comme il faut;* for although the leading hounds could run hard, the body of the pack could not at times run up, for the want of a holding scent. All this must have been very annoying to the duke, it being the first and only day's hunting he allowed himself that week; and he was mounted on Jemmy, of whom I have spoken as a particularly clever thorough-bred horse, and all over a hunter. Frank Collison was on old Alphabet again, looking ready for business, and I intended having an eye to him, in consideration of former experience of him in the field.

Our hacks being at St. Boswell's—where Mr. Callander's horse lay the preceding night—we returned home with the hounds; saw them put into their kennels; sat half an hour with Williamson, talking over the occurrences of the day; and after refreshing ourselves with a glass of his "Who the devil sent you this?" mounted our hacks, and after a pitch-dark ride, got to Kelso to our dinner about seven. We lived in clover, for independently of the good things provided by Peter, or at least by his master, we had a succession of game and fruit from Preston-hall, the fine seat of Mr. Callander, whose gardens are, I believe, not to be excelled in Scotland. The use of the hunt room also, affording a retiring room for the ladies in the apartments occupied by the party previously to my joining them, rendered the *tout ensemble* so complete, that we might have almost made ourselves believe we were actually living at Preston-hall, instead of at this very excellent inn.

Neither were our evenings wanting in the accomplishments of domestic life.—When we joined the ladies in their drawing-room, after a temperate enjoyment of the bottle, we found Mrs. Callander, with her guitar in her hand, ready to accompany her voice in song, and after the ruder pleasures of the day, to lull us with "sounds of sweetest melody." Nor is there any poetical exaggeration here. Had Mrs. Callander's lot been differently cast, she might have ranked high amongst professional singers, as strength and sweetness are combined in her song, and when in its plaintive strain, I really cannot name her equal. Now having said this, how can I bring myself to relate the following fact, or, in other words, to expose the weakness of my nature? I was asked to sing; I said I could not sing. But I was told I could sing—in fact I was at last told that I *must* sing.

Now what says Mr. Congreve in his Mourning Bride?

"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast;
To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak;"

And had the poet added, "to make a man make a fool of himself," the highly wrought picture would have been complete. "Then," said I, "I *will* sing," and, perhaps emboldened by the best part of a bottle of *La fitte*, murdered the beautiful air of

"Majestic rose the god of day
In yon bright burnish'd sky,"

in very great style. But what can resist the solicitations of the ladies? Neither the wisdom of Solomon, nor the piety of David, were proof against it, and how could Nimrod's philosophy be expected to be so?

But human folly and human presumption seldom pass scot-free—never, I believe, by those who have themselves been guilty of them; and I shall not soon forget my next morning's recollection of having so presumptuously presented myself after a well-graced actor. It flitted across my mind as my eyes opened, and a dose of Dover powders would have been powerless in producing the sudorific effect that it almost instantaneously occasioned. I consoled myself, however, with the reflection that life is but a joke, and that the very wisest of us all are but pursuing bubbles which break in their flight.

By an arrangement recently made† between the owners of them, hounds are to be reached every day in the week, from either Dunse or Kelso; and on Friday, November 28th, Major St. Paul met at Cornhill inn, within a mile of Coldstream, a place of which I have already spoken; just ten miles from Kelso, and a very pretty ride, almost all by Tweed side. On my arrival there with Mr. Callander, I saw symptoms of a large attendance of sportsmen, which indicated a good opinion of the fixture. The stables were full of hunters, which had arrived on the previous evening from Dunse, and other places; and calls for "breakfast" resounded throughout the inn, for those who had arrived from afar. In fact there was note of preparation, not for war, but for business.

A little after ten o'clock, Major St. Paul arrived with his hounds, which looked in very excellent condition. The same might have been said of a very Englishman-like looking person who accompanied him, in a drab great coat, buttoned up to his chin, but not an inch of the "pink" to be seen, even at the skirts. "How are you?" said St. Paul to me. "How are *you*?" said I. "How are you?" said the other; "How are *you?*" said I, with a familiar nod of my head, in answer to a familiar nod of his head. Now, until he peeled to the pink, I was quite unconscious of whom I was addressing—that it was Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, one of my King's sons; so, yielding to no man in loyalty, I thought it my duty to ride up to his lordship and explain.—But those who know him, will say, I might have saved myself the trouble, for there is not an ounce of starch about Lord Fitzclarence, who set down my familiarity to its true account—the non-recollection of his person, muffled up as it was.

We drew over a great deal of country, and some fine whin covers, with only a very slight touch of a drag, and I began to think we were in for a blank day, when Lord Frederick got tidings that some main earths were not stopped, through a mistake in the stoppers, and we consequently trotted away to Learmouth Bog.—This was in every sense of the word an agreeable move, for the weather was wild and boisterous on the higher ground, and we had now descended into a milder region, as well as a more hunting-like country, and a brilliant day's sport was the happy result.

It has not been my lot to see a great many foxes found on bogs; but of this I am certain—that when the surrounding ground commands a view of the proceedings, a bog is the place of all others to see "a find" to advantage. In the first place, every hound is at once present to the eye when drawing, there being nothing to cover them; and the sight of the whole pack—perhaps jumping from tussuck to tussuck, in the hope of pouncing upon the villain, is no small treat. Then see them feathering on the scent before he is found—as we did this day—how beautiful they look, clustering together, as it were to assist each other! But the find! to see him jump up in view—as we did also this day—and *break that view in the second field*, by his speed and his cunning,—by heavens it is the very perfection of the thing at starting. Fox, hounds, and horsemen, all get away at once, and as the saying is, "it is the devil take the hindmost."

It was my ill-luck, this day, to be mounted on, I think, the worst horse I ever bestrode in my life under the denomination of a hunter. He was one of what we jocosely called "the royal stud,"—that is one of Mr. King's, and had been handed over to me by M'Dowal Grant, who had found him worthless, and yet the brute had something the appearance of a hunter. But this is a digression; I must give an account of the run.

No fox ever found by hounds went more gallantly away than this did, and almost every man in the field got a fair start. But a fair start and a good one are two very different things, a fact clearly shown this day by Lord Elcho, who benefiting by his Leicestershire education, was away with the leading hounds, and by the time they had crossed a road, his lordship was comfortably landed by their side. And how long did he remain there? Why for exactly forty minutes, at the end of which the fox was killed, having travelled eleven miles point blank in that short space without one single check—over as fine a country too—barring one circumstance—as a man could desire to ride over; and as Lord Elcho himself declared, having shown as straight-forward and brilliant a run—if not the most straight-forward and brilliant—he had ever seen in any country, Leicestershire excepted. But I will describe this country. It was more than half under grass. The ploughed land and the stubbles rode light; the fields were of good size, and the fences not large, and most of them such as could be taken nearly in stroke.—And who else saw it? Why as far as I was able to judge of it, I can compare it to nothing better than a race, in which Lord Elcho was first; Mr. Mc Kenzie Grieve, second; Lord Eglinton, third, and Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun, fourth.—These were distinguishable by the colors of their horses—the three first having been chestnuts, and Mr. Fletcher's white—all the rest, as O'Kelly said, "no where," and Mr. Fletcher got a little wide of the line, as I was told, towards the

* When riding this horse on another occasion, a farmer thus addressed me:—"You are riding the highest leaper in all Scotland. To see the walls Mr. Ogilvie (his former owner) used to ride that horse over, would have terrified any common mind."

* The Duke of Buccleuch engaged to meet every Tuesday, and Major St. Paul every Friday, within reach of Dunse and Kelso.

finish. Lord Frederic Fitzclarence was at the very further extremity of the bog when the fox broke, and although he made desperate efforts to get up, and passed me at an awful pace, I despaired of his getting in front, unless a check occurred, for two sufficient reasons. First—his weight—good sixteen stone I should say; secondly, there was no chance for a nick, as the line was nearly straight.

There was but one drawback to this splendid run, besides the fact of its being too fast for the general enjoyment of the field, for it is but few who can enjoy a run at such a pace as this—*eleven miles in just forty minutes!* But the draw back! Why the last view I had of the hounds was, as they were ascending a steep bank, on which I was able to distinguish the three chestnuts and the grey. There must be a ravine, thought I within myself; how shall I get across that, for my horse is dead blown at present? We had then been going about twenty minutes. "A river," exclaimed one of the field, who had dropped astern like myself. And he might have said more than this. We were on classic ground, and he might have sung with the poet—

> "Meandering Till's impetuous flow
> Runs wildly in the vale below."

It was the Till, if not the most rapid, the most treacherous river in all Scotland; I believe I may also say in Englaud, as we were at this time in England—and in which Mr. Sitwell of Barmoor-castle, (author of the Letters of Nim North,) so nearly lost his life. However, as the hounds crossed it, of course the most of the field crossed it, and without any disaster. But my attempt was an unfortunate one, by coming down upon it in a treacherous place, which with a horse dead blown, was very far from a joke. I had not proceeded many yards, about belly deep, and with a very strong current, before my horse dropped over head and ears into a hole, but quickly struggled out of it. He then fell on his head over a huge stone, but we did not part company. In another ten yards, over head and ears he went again, but still we stuck to each other, "like a lover to his bride," as Saddell says in his song, and at last reached the bank. Captain Grant of the Ninth Lancers, who was likewise on one of "the royal stud," a thorough-bred one too, but so blown, that, like my own, he could scarcely scramble over a gap, was close behind me at the time, but, supposing that I was gone salmon fishing, looked for a safer place and made his way across the stream.

But what situation was I in when I found myself on *terra firma?* By the time I had ascended the steep bank, and steep indeed it was, my horse could scarcely stand, although I led him up it in my hand. I espied a hard road in the direction the hounds had taken; I thought I might bring him round a bit upon that; but alas! I had left a fore-shoe in the Till, and the road was newly stoned. I then turned into the enclosures, and following as well as I could in their wake, in company with another unfortunate, got up to the hounds about ten minutes after they had worried their fox—say twenty from the time they had killed him.

The first person who addressed me was Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, who, like myself, had been in trouble, for his face was bleeding from a wound. "Go to him," (St. Paul), said his lordship, "and make him happy, his hounds have behaved to admiration." The next was Lord Elcho. "I do not hesitate," said that fine sportsman—and observe reader, they are words spoken by the master of a neighboring pack, as applying to the merits of another neighboring pack—"to say, that baring two or three in Leicestershire, I have seen to-day the quickest and straightest thing from end to end, that I ever saw with hounds in my life." As to the gallant master of the pack, it was allowed by all, that there could be no such happy man as himself, that day, in Northumberland, neither do I suppose there was, for his hounds had given unbounded satisfaction to a field, and a field chiefly composed of sportsmen. I regret to say that Sir David Baird missed this fine run; he left us before we descended into the vale, having fixed to look at a horse at Kelso, and to return to Dunse that night. It would just have suited him, and no doubt he would have added one to the happy trio who saw it all.

We killed him at a place called Tiptoe, above Graveslead, some miles above the celebrated Twizle-castle.

Lord Elcho this day rode a horse called Beppo, purchased of those celebrated dealers, Messrs. Elmore, and well known in the neighborhood of London, as having distinguished himself in steeple-chases. He is exactly his lordship's sort of horse—well bred, not too big for the cramped fences ot Berwickshire, and quite perfect in his work; but unfortunately he kicks hounds, therefore he cannot ride him with his own. If I had such a horse, I should be tempted to try an experiment with him. I should keep two or three black and white colared curs with him in his box, with the hopes of his becoming reconciled to them in time; and if he killed a few of that desoription of vermin, society would be benefitted by their riddance, for nine cases in ten of hydrophobia have their origin in half-starved curs. Lord Eglinton rode a large thorough-bred horse, whose name I cannot remember, but a truly Leicestershire-like hunter; Mr. M'Kenzie Grieve was on the flower of his flock, but the name has likewise escaped me.

The day's alloy was now at hand—namely, *the ride home*, nearly twenty miles, with a horse in a doubtful state. He carried me, however, tolerably well when in company with the party who were making their way for Cornhill, where their hacks were awaiting their arrival; but after having stopped at a blacksmith's shop at the end of about four miles, my situation was by no means an enviable one. Losing the excitement of good company, my nag began to exhibit awful symptoms of being tired when I got him under weigh again, and one which I had never experienced before. This was "his forming up," a-la-dragoon, to every coal-cart horse he overtook on the road, and scraping acquaintance with him by a neigh. However, by easing him of my weight for the greater part of the distance, and coaxing him along over the remainder, I got him to Cornhill, with the intention of leaving him there for the night; but as there was not a hack to be procured, a pint of sherry and an hour's rest, enabled him to carry me to Kelso.

The party from Dunse had not left Cornhill when I arrived there on my tired horse, having been detained by two separate causes—first, to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the day, for independently of the run, the morning had been rude and tempestuous; and secondly, they were under alarm for the safety of Mr. Charles Lamb, who by his not having made his appearence either at the finish, or at Cornhill, where his hack was planted, it was feared might have been left in the Till; the alarm, however, was groundless; but how he disposed of his time, or where else he crossed the Tweed, I forgot, subsequently, to inquire.

I was this day invited to a large dinner party, at Dunse, given by Lord Saltoun and Mr. M'Dowal Grant; but great as was the temptation, I was unwilling to miss the next day's hunting with the duke, and a mount from his Grace's stud. Mr. Callander and myself then—for he was kind enough to wait the restoration of the bodily powers of my horse—set forward for Kelso just as the night was setting in. And here I have a word to say. I had formed an opinion that the lower orders of the Scottish people, by the beneficial effects of education, unknown to English boors, were humanized by such means far beyond their neighbors. It may be so; and we should not judge, generally, by individual cases; but Mr. Callander will back my assertion, that a more ruffianly set of fellows than the drivers of the one horse carts which we met that night on the road, never disgraced any civilized country. In fact, such was their recklessness of limb or life towards those persons they met, or passed, that it was next to miraculous that no accident occurred. As for ourselves, although by the fact of Mr. Callander being mounted on a white horse, our approach was sufficienly visible, it was only by creeping into ditches that we twice saved ourselves from being run down, when on the right side of a very wide road. Drunkenness might have been pleaded in excuse, it being market day, but of what avail is education if it correct not such evils as this, and in a country purely agricultural?

Having arrived in safety at Kelso, a change of scene presented itself. The Cross Keys inn looked as if it was illuminated, at least every room in the house appeared occupied, and, as we entered the gateway, the words "hip, hip, hip, Hoo-RAY," resounded in our ears from above, as the welcoming of a popular toast. "There is a jovial set somewhere," said I to my friend, "no doubt they are drinking 'Fox hunting.'" The cheering sound, however, proceeded from a party composed of about half a dozen gentlemen of landed property in Roxburghshire, and *two-hundred* of the yeomen of the country, with the Duke of Buccleuch at the head of them, who had just finished their dinners. But I was wrong about the toast—it was "the King," that called forth this ebullition of good feeling; yet, strange to say, the health of all "the kings of the earth," at popular meetings of this sort, would be drunk in silence, when compared with the toast of *fox-hunting*, and in about an hour afterwards, as we sat to our dinner, we heard the whole house ring with another of these boisterous overflowings of the soul, enough to shake it to its foundation "Now they are drinking fox-hunting," said I; and, on Peter being dispatched to ascertain the fact, we found it was even so. "The gentlemen have been drinking the Duke and his fox-hounds," was the result of Peter's mission. Then soon after this the Welkin rang again—for neither roof, nor wall, could confine the uproarious shouting of this jovial party at the moment. "What now, Peter?"—"Why," replied Peter, "Mr. Hay of Dunse-castle has been given 'em a speech, and he said something just at the *fi-nish* of it that seemed to tickle a' the gentlemen vastly." Now here we have the orator, inasmuch as what the death of the fox is to the chace—the climax is to a speech,

> "Still rising to a climax, till the last
> Surpassing all is not to be surpass'd."

And no wonder that an old master of hounds, like Mr. Hay, should leave something good for the finish. But all climaxes won't bear the types, and perhaps this will not. It was, I believe, a happy allusion to some part of the dress of an Highland chief—a fair subject for a joke, and I must leave my readers to guess the use that was made of it.

Having learned from Peter that the duke and a few of his friends had retired into a private room, Mr. Callander and myself joined them, and described the fine run we had had in the morning, with St. Paul, in the pleasure of which they participated, from regard to the owner of the hounds, and I was congratulated on my escape from the Till, which several of the party declared to be the most dangerous river in the country, from the numerous holes with which it abounds, in addition to the rapidity of the current. Mr. Sitwell, they said, was saved in it as by a miracle, by catching the end of the lash of a whipper-in's whip, just as his strength had ceased to enable him to struggle any longer against the stream.

I have already observed that few men work harder than the Duke of Buccleuch does, and here is one proof. Seeing his Grace booted and spurred, and with a whip in his hand, I asked him "how he was going home?" "On horseback," was the reply. Now the night was neither wet nor rough, but so dark that one gentleman, though perfectly sober, had a miraculous escape for his life by falling, horse and all, down a precipice close to the river Tweed, into which his horse went. On my asking his Grace afterwards, how he got to Bow-wood, full twenty miles, he answered, "Oh! very well; a neighbouring miller and myself travelled very comfortably together." Now this circumstance would not be worthy of mention here were it not for a comment upon it; and I think I know enough of human nature, at all events of the nature of that description of men whom the duke had this day honoured with his company at a convival meeting at Kelso—to pronounce that had his Grace stepped *out* of his carriage and four, on his arrival, and *into* it at his departure, it would have stripped the honour he had confered upon his countrymen of much of its value in their eyes. This sort of *cessio bonorum*, if I may be allowed a lawyer's phrase—this putting himself personally on a par with the smallest farmer at the dinner, was, I will answer for it, not void of effect, although perhaps unintentional on the duke's part; and the riding "comfortably home with the miller," like Mr. Hay's fi-nish to his speech, was the climax.

It amused me to hear that the duke introduced into his speech, not only the great advantages farmers derive from fox-hunting, but as much as told them, that their corn and grass *would be all the better for being ridden over.* If his Grace's words were to be taken literally, perhaps they would not always be borne out by experience; but with reference to consequences they were strictly true.

London New Sporting Magazine for May, 1836.

Miscellanies.

Descriptive Notices of the House of Lords.—There are very few bald heads in this house, and a single red one. The Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Poltimore (Sir Charles Bamfylde, that was, a lineal descendant, it is said, of Bamfylde Moor Carew, the king of the beggars), are the three best-dressed Peers in the house. Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham are among the most carelessly dressed; the former *rollicks* along most good-naturedly, with a penny ash stick, bought from some Jew boy, in his hand. The present Prime Minister never wears gloves. Lord Brougham, for two or three winters past, has always worn one pair of shepherd's plaid trowsers—they were presented to him by some of the Yorkshire manufacturers. Water is the only beverage allowed in the house during debate. When the feelings of a Peer are overcome, or his physical powers exhausted, one of the attendants enters with a glass of cold water, but does not personally present it to the Peer for whom it was intended—one or other of his immediate friends advances, receives the glass from the attendant, and presents it to the speaking Peer. When Earl Grey rose to make his farewell speech, he had nearly fainted once or twice, and was waited on in this way by Lord Durham, his son-in-law. Lord Brougham, in one of his furious nights of debate, while he was yet in possession of the woolsack, drank freely out of a tumbler filled with red and sparkling liquor; it was somewhat redder than brandy and water, and more sparkling than port wine and water; nobody knew what it was, for it was understood that he brought in the glass himself; it was, however, considered to be 'medicine,' as he had, a few nights before, said to Lord Londonderry, in debate, that 'the noble Marquis must have known he (Lord Brougham) was unwell, from his frequent leaving of the woolsack; that, in short, the noble Marquis must have known, while in their lordship's house, that he (Lord B.) was taking physic, and was obliged to retire in consequence.' Random Recollections of the House of Lords.

Foxes.—What will southern sportsmen think of the cold-blooded and dreadful murder of the gallant reynards recently perpetrated in the north. The circumstances connected with the horrible massacre are given by the Greenock Intelligencer in the following paragraph:—"On Wednesday last, two foxes, a male and a female, were observed on the farm of Mr. M' Naugton, tacksman of Glenlane, and were immediately pursued by the fox-hunter, along with several other individuals. After a considerable run the male fox was shot by Mr. Duncan Clark, Ballmore, near Loch Stravenhead, and the female was killed by the dogs at Carrank. Besides these, five foxes were destroyed at Scoriachmored Glenlane. We understand that one of the tacksmen lost by the depredation of these animals, upwards of sixty lambs. The ravages which the foxes have been making, have induced some of the gentlemen in Coval to employ a fox hunter named John Hogg, a relation to the Ettrick shepherd, to endeavor to rid the district of these animals. He has been kindly supplied with some slow-hounds by John Campbell, Esq., of Southall, who received them from the Earl of Eglington. We may mention that within the last fortnight, there has been also killed one full grown male and two female foxes along with four litters of young ones, on the estates of Hifton, Bernice, Knockdow, and Ballochyle.—Some of the gentlemen were so determined to extirpate these predatory animals, that powder was used and rocks blown up to get at the holes where the young ones had burrowed. One male, two females, and four families of young innocents.—Why, such wholesale murder would make the heart ache even of a political economist—what then must be the horror felt by a gentleman sportsman on reading the account of such ferocious and foxical atrocities?

Creoles.—There is at the north a general misconception of the term "Creole." A friend of mine who had visited Louisiana for his health, after a residence of a few months, gained the affections of a very lovely girl, and married her. He wrote to his uncle in Massachusetts, to whose estate he was heir expectant, communicating the event, saying that "he had just been united to an amiable "Creole" whom he anticipated the pleasure of introducing to him in the spring." The old gentleman on receiving the letter stamped, raved and swore; and on the same evening replied to his nephew, saying, "that as he had disgraced his family by marrying a *mulatto*, he might remain where he was, as he wished to have nothing to do with him, or any of his woolly headed, yellow skinned brats, that might be henceforward." My friend, however, ventured home, and when the old gentleman beheld his lovely bride, he exclaimed "the d—l, nephew, if you call this little angel a Creole, what likely chaps the real ebony Congoes must be in that country." The old gentleman is not alone in his conception of a Creole. Where there is one individual in New England correctly informed, there are one hundred, who, like him, knew no distinction between the terms Creole and Mulatto. Creole, is simply a synonyme for native. It has a general application to say—"he is a native of Louisiana." Contrary to the general opinion at the north, it is seldom applied to colored persons. Creole is sometimes, though not frequently, applied to Mississippians; but with the exception of the West India Islands, it is usually confined to Louisiana.

Robinson, we learn, is now living on strawberries and cream, in Durham, Connecticut. He has not gone South. We hear he intends to publish a pamphlet, clearing up the mystery of his connection with Helen Jewett. In this pamphlet will be published the celebrated "Private Journal," so often referred to, together with all the letters and *billet doux* that passed between him and Ellen, and others.

Robinson, though young, has given great evidence of a very precocious mind—precocious at least in seduction—if not worse. His "Journal" will exhibit extraordinary talent—and his correspondence will set forth his character in its true light. It will be difficult for him, however, to convince a great portion of the public of his innocence. Yet it may be well to hear what he has to say.—Part of his story is already written, and those who have seen it, say it contains astounding facts, and extraordinary disclosures. He will disclose the whole of his private life in New-York—how he came here perfectly innocent—how he was, step by step, led astray—how he was fascinated first by one girl, and then by another, and particularly the whole of his connection with Ellen Jewett.

If Robinson repents truly of his former life, he may write a useful book, and live to be a saint. It is said he has become quite religious since his trial, and is studying Divinity. We have no doubt he would make an excellent parson.—The greatest rogue always makes the greatest preacher—see the example of St. Paul the Apostle, who acknowledges that he had done murders before he became an Apostle.

If Robinson takes care, he may yet save his soul—as to his character that is rather past redemption. Herald.

Rare Compliments.—The man of the Hartford Review calls one of the fraternity in that city, "*a scoundrel, a liar, and a puppy!*" and he of the North River Times, thus apologizes for not noticing the attack of the Jeffersonian upon his paper:—"The very character of the miserable poltroon, who conducts this sheet, is cause sufficient for our silence. To say the least, he is but one shade removed from a bull-frog, either in intellect or appearance. A lazy, lounging, lousy, lying loafer, who has neither brains to conceive, nor heart to feel—a mere lump of shapeless, and almost lifeless flesh, which, like a go-cart, will move just where some propelling power directs!" Neither of the gentlemen can be accused of flattery in paying their compliments.—*Sun.*

Flag of the Union.—On the fourth of July next, the flag of the United States will be spangled with *twenty-six stars*, two being added in consequence of the admission of the States of Arkansas and Michigan into the Union. The thirteen stripes, denoting the thirteen original States, were, on the admission of Vermont and Kentucky, increased to fifteen; but as the number of States was increased, it was perceived that the flag would not, eventually, admit of a stripe for each, and so an act was passed fixing the number at thirteen, as before. The last star added to the flag, was on the 4th of July 1822, in honor of the State of Missouri, which was admitted into the Union on the 10th of August, 1821. The star for Maine was added on the 4th of July, 1820.

Bear Hunt.—The citizens of Francestown, in this county, have had quite a treat in the shape of a Bear hunt. Bruin had been doing a deal of mischief among the flocks in the vicinity, and the good people determined to put a stop to his proceedings. Accordingly they mustered, and in a short time cornered and killed his sable majesty. His weight was *one hundred and seventy-one pounds!*—*Dunstable N. H. Telegraph.*

A Rogue Outwitted.—Capt. Marryatt, the popular author of "Jacob Faithful," and "Japhet in Search of a Father," relates the following anecdote in a late number of the London Metropolitan:—"Talking about roguery, there was a curious incident occurred some time back, in which a rascal was completely outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draftsman and caricaturist, was laid up in his appartments with the gout in both feet. He could not move, but sat in an easy chair, and was wheeled by his servants in and out of his chamber to his sitting room. Now a well known vagabond ascertained the fact, and watched till the servant was sent upon a message. The servant came out of the front door, but left the front area door open, communicating with the kitchen.—Down went the vagabond, entered the kitchen, walked up stairs, where, as he anticipated, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless. 'I am sorry sir, to see you in this situation,' said the rogue; you cannot move, and your servant is out.' The gentleman started. 'It is excessively careless of you to leave yourself so exposed, for behold the consequences! I take the liberty of removing this watch and these seals off the table, and putting them into my own pocket; and, as I perceive your keys, are here, I shall now unlock these drawers, and see what suits my purpose.' 'Oh! pray help yourself, I beg,' replied the gentleman, who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him. The rogue did so accordingly; he found the plate in the sideboard drawer, and many other things that suited him, and in about ten minutes, having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a very low bow and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle: he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with his pencil, and on his servant's returning soon after, he despatched him immediately to Bow street with the drawing, and account of what had happened. The likeness was so good, that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman in two hours afterwards, identified, the property found on him sworn to, and in six weeks was on his passage to Botany Bay.

Deaf Burke.—Though we are no advocates of pugilism, we approve the old English science of self-defence, if it were only to protect a gentleman from the assaults of a blackguard, and prevent in some degree the more sanguinary contest with the dirk and bowie knife. Pugilism is also, under proper management, a healthy, manly exercise—gives vigor to the arms and expands the chest in this climate of consumption, where these advantages are so much needed, while it strengthens the limbs and digestion.

Deaf Burke gave last night at the Howard House a touch of his quality by sparring with several amateurs who came into the ring. The first round commenced with Phelan, whom he despatched with great good humour in double quick time. Blackbourn, who was much taller than Burke, shared the same fate. Burke showed him how little formidable he thought his gaunt figure, by receiving his blows calmly in the face and returning him body hits with an electric velocity that soon done up the business for him. But there was a young New Yorker, named Vanderzee, a printer, who now came up at Burke's general invitation, having shown off to the company a little sparring with another a short time before. He seemed disposed to take the bull by the horns. Burke took his counters for some time very smilingly, but finding Vanderzee struck rather harder than he wished, he let it into him right and left, and about his mug and bread basket with such well directed hits in quick succession, that the contest was put an end to in no time. The company were numerous and highly respectable, and all enjoyed the sport. Fuller was there, and many of the sporting world. Burke is a curiosity—a perfect bull neck square headed fellow—pluck and game to the last, but not deep in science. He wears out his adversary—nothing can kill him. He is only 26, thick set, rather short with small features and eyes, arms long and like a giant's. His face is slightly pitted. He makes no pretension to education, but speaks in a broad provincial dialect. He told the company he would fight an Irishman at Philadelphia named Andrew McKean, who had challenged him, and that he would give him odds of $5000 to $4000, and meet half way between the two cities.—*Star.*

Singular Battle at Tattersall's London.

At the above highly famed Sporting Fstablishment, the visitors, some time since, were interested upon the following accidental turn-up, which occured near the Subscription Room:—

A Sparrow, who was in the daily habit of picking up the crumbs of bread which were thrown out from one of the rooms (and which, it appears, he viewed as his exclusive right,) was suddenly interrupted in his pursuit by a little hungry Mouse, who, with tears in his eyes, had been some time without food; he attacked the Sparrow, seized upon the crumb of bread and endeavoured to run off with his prize. The Sparrow immediately *showed fight*; and *nobbed* the Mouse so successfully with his beak, that Mousey *bolted*, and made for a hole in the wall, to escape from the fury of his antagonist, but the hole being too small, poor Mousey stuck fast for a little time when the Sparrow *punished* him severely. Five and six to four on the *Feathers.* The Mouse, in his own defence, was compelled to return to the charge; and was again so *milled* that he ran a little way up the wall, but falling down, from weakness, the Sparrow once more had the *best of him.* Two to one was offered by the surrounding spectators (who were now so much interested upon the event, that Randall and Martin could not, for the instant, have proved more attractive to their feelings) that the *gay* bird won it. Mousey, who was not destitute of *pluck*, determined to have another *shy* for the *crumb* and made a desperate effort to bear it off; but the *little* cock bird *served* him out so *hard* and *fast*, that Mousey left the ground with the speed of a *Priam*, and got out of the clutches of his opponent by falling down an area. The Sparrow now followed the Mouse till he lost sight of him, cocking his little *ogles* down the area after his antagonist, and strutting with all the pride of a first rate *miller*, as if *chaffing* to himself, "I have *given it you*, my Mousey, for your temerity;" then, returning to the spot, he finished the crumbs at his ease and leisure, amidst the laughter of the surrounding spectators. The *cock sparrow* is well known to be a very *game* bird; indeed both of these little creatures seemed as if they were inspired by the sporting ardour which breathes throughout every apartment of this splendid establishment.

Bonaparte's Generals. From that interesting volume of "Harper's Family Library," the *Court and Camp of Bonaparte*—We glean the following memorials of twenty-eight celebrated military men who make up the whole list of those serving under Napoleon, either as Marshalls of France or Generals of Division.

Augereau died 12th June, 1816, of dropsy in the chest; *Berthier* threw himself from a window of his house as the army of the allies was passing it on the 19th May, 1815, and died instantly; *Bessieres* was killed by a musket ball at Lutzen; *Davoust* died of a pulmonary complaint, June, 1823; *Dessaix* was killed instantly at Marengo, by a cannon ball; *Beauharnois* died of apoplexy at Munich, Jan. 21, 1824; *St. Cyr* in March, 1830; *Junot* in a fit of insanity threw himself from a window of his father's house at Montbard, breaking a thigh which resulted in his death, June, 1813; *Kleber* was assasinated at Cairo Egypt, (on the same day that Desaix was killed at Marengo) by the hand of a youth 18, who secreted himself in a garden, and on the approach of his victim went and presented him with a bit of paper folded like a letter, and while Kleber was opening it the assassin drew from his cloak a dagger, and inflicted a wound causing immediate dissolution. He stated that he left Damascus on foot, by order of the grand vizier, who entrusted him with the mission of repairing to the French Army to take Bouaparte's life. *Lannes* expired from the effects of a cannon shot which carried away his right leg, and the foot and ancle of the left, at Esling, 22d May, 1809; *Lefebvre* died in Paris Sept. 1820; *Loison* at Liege, in 1816; *Massenna* expired on the 4th of April, 1817; *Moreau* fell when near the Emperor Alexander (being in the Russian service at Dresden,) in August, 1813. A cannon ball from the French artillary carried away his right leg, and passing through his horse took off a portion of the left. The remaining portion of the left leg was cut off by a surgeon—and during amputation and dressing the brave officer smoked a cigar—scarcely moving a muscle of his face during the painful operation. He lingered till the 2d September. *Murat* was condemned to death at Naples in 1815, and shot—looking steadfastly at the soldiers, and desiring them to aim at his heart and save his face. The fate of *Ney*—"the bravest of the brave"—is familiar to all. "Be who fought five hundred battles for France—not one against her—was shot as a traitor," being in the 47th year of his age. *Piuchegru* was found dead in a dungeon, with a black silk handkerchief twisted rovnd his neck, and a stick thrust through the knot, whether by his own hand or the hands of others seems to be undecided; *Suchet* expired at Marseilles Jan. 1826, and *Mortier* was assasinated last July, by Fieschi's "infernal machine,"—making 19 of the 28 who no longer survive.

Of the remaining nine, *Bernadotte* is king of Sweden; *Grouchy* left France for this country after the second abdication; no mention is made in the work before ns of the death of *Moncey*; and *Jourdan, Macdonald, Marmont, Mortier, Oudinot, Soult, and Victor* severally gave in their adhesion to Louis Philippe in 1830, and for aught we know all are still living. Star.

A young Jonathan took it into his head one day to get a wife. He accordingly looked about him and very soon made such selections as suited him, and was not long in striking a bargain and setting the preliminaries. He then applied to a clergyman to perform the ceremony. "But are you prepared for such an important change in life?" said the reverend gentleman. "I guess I be," said Jonathan, "for I have got my land just paid for, and own a yoke of steers and a cow." "Very well," said the holy man, with a long breath and a sober face, "all these worldly things may be proper in their place, to be sure; but have you ever thought of salvation?" This was a poser. "Sall Vation," says Jonathan, "who in thunder is she!"

A gentleman recently traveling in the country called out to a boy, "Where does this road go to, my lad?" "Well, I don't know where it goes, but it's always here when I come along."

A Tennessee Editor boasts, that in the great match-race between Rodolph and Angora, Tennessee will *shew her blood.* We are very certain that those of her citizens who bet against the Kentucky horse, will shew *their* blood. They will bleed profusely.—*Louisville Journal.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 2, 1836.

Confidential Letter from one of the Girls Up Town.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I have been wanting to write you very much lately but really there have been so many murders and other wickednesses carrying on down town that I felt afraid to say any thing for fear you would print my writing, and so I should get into a muss. I wished, in the time of 't, to ask you some questions about Robinson and that awful affair—but la! me—how you might splutter and stare if I asked you, if you knew the poor creature that was so wicked all her life and was plunged so suddenly into the world of spirits by the cruel hand of some jealous, revengeful old monster. I don't care who it was, but he ought to be hunted up and hung—yes, hanging is none too good for a man who could dash out the brains of a handsome, young girl, let her be ever so desperate a character. I don't believe the lawyers took much pains to find out all about the matter, and father says they like to have proved she wasn't murdered at all, but that she set the bed on fire, and dashed her brains out against the bed post. I declare, is n't it too bad to slur over such doings? If it had been a man, no doubt you men people would make noise enough and try half the girls in the city but you would find out the real one. But never mind, mother says murder will out, and that sooner or later the thing will come to light in spite of lawyers and every thing else.

The other day we girls borrowed a novel called "*The Wife*," and a beautiful book it was, and very interesting—our minister saw it on the centre table in the parlour room and said it must be a bad book, for 'twas written by an English woman who had run off with the Prime Minister, a nobleman—and that by this means England might be ruined as well as her own husband and children. Now can this story be true? Fanny Kemble says in her own book that England is the most virtuous land on earth. But what kind of a woman could she be who would leave her children and home and go off with a man, even if he were in high office. I don't know what they call such things in England, but I can guess what we should call them in this country. Do you suppose that when this woman comes back, real ladies will visit her and think her fashionable and all that? Our minister says they will, and that it is the way in England among the great folks It can't be possible.

I did n't think I could write so much about morality as I have. Come to read it over, it sounds a good deal like a sermon, but I don't care, it may do you a little good, for I don't believe you go to church much. Pretty good joke, is n't it?

We are all glad you think so much of Miss CLIFTON, the actress—for we up-town people liked her right well before she went to Europe, and they say she is exceedingly improved. We saw her at Niblo's last week and she looked most beautifully. How fat she *has* grown and that's just what she wanted to make her figure perfect, for she was too slim and slender for a woman so tall. She is now a handsomer woman than Miss PHILLIPS, so you see, if she plays well, she will beat any thing in town "*any way they can fix it*," as you always say.

If it ever stops raining we are all going into the county, and I think we shall have some fun. We shall expect you up, as last summer, with your guns and dogs and fishing affairs, and mother says you may have the same room this year if you won't smoke cigars in it. We never told on you last year, but you smoked in that room, you know you did. Bring up all the last novels you can find for the rainy days. What in the world is that book about they call "*The Doctor?*" If it is n't about sick people bring it along, but if it is, don't—for we don't intend being very sick this summer, I can tell you.

We've got our bets all ready to pay you our losses on the *Post Boy* horse. Next time we will believe what you say. But I should like to know if the man who fixed *Bascomb* for the race, has a right to tell you when he will win? I've a great mind to keep the watch guard till that is settled. You need n't think to come "the sly" over us girls. But never mind, win or lose, we will stick to the Northern horses and to Northern men, if you 've no objections. So come up to the Vauxhall Concert on Sunday evening and we will go with you. Don't say much about it though before the old folks, but hint we are going to walk out, for they kinder think that garden aint so genteel as 'tis cracked up to be. But come, for we've lots to tell you, and I have one thing in particular—you can't guess it, so don't try. Something new and nice.

Oh my! what a letter. Good bye.

Sisters all send their regards—Adieu.

ONE OF THE GIRLS UP TOWN.

☞ We have received a long rigmarole address to the public, printed on a half sheet of whitey-brown paper, and signed *George Washington Dixon*, in which the writer endeavors to exculpate the said Caesar, Napoleon, Lycurgus, Nebuchadnezzar, George Washington Dixon, from the charge of having been acquitted by a Boston Jury of the crime of Forgery on the ground of being deemed *non compos mentis*.

Now in the first place, the said Field Marshal, Cap*ting*, Orator, Buffo-singer, Zip Coon Dixon never wrote a word of the address to which his name is attached, and in the second, so far from clearing Dixon of the charge of being "wanting in his upper story," the writer has satisfactorily demonstrated that he himself has "a spacious upper loft untenanted." So much for so much.

A subsequent mail from Boston brought us a long *letter* signed "George W. Dixon," in which the writer desires us to correct *the impitation* alluded to above, but we regret to state that our limited knowledge of him goes to prove its entire propriety and correctness. As this letter accidentally found its way into the office of the Commercial Advertiser, although directed to us, legibly enough, we make no doubt each of our contemporaries has received a similar "bulletin from the seat of war." It refers to various circumstances within our knowledge with which we neither have had, nor intend to have any thing to do, and makes us confident that while the wrong letter was directed to us, Mister Zip Coon is at his old tricks again. So far from possessing the ability to write a letter Miss Nancy-Coal-black-Rose Dixon cannot begin to write ten consecutive words of the English language, and he must have encountered "the Schoolmaster abroad" in the Athenian city that teaches "penmanship in six lessons," and that lately too if he can sign his name. This Dixon, on the whole, is an interesting young man, very. In his printed circular he favors the world with his pedigree, which if not traced back to the Kings of Congo, must be ascribed rather to the sparseness of his stock of paper and ink than to his inherent modesty or doubt of the fact. He concludes by stating that he is about to "appear as the conductor of a daily sheet in Boston." To manifest our desire to encourage enterprise and talent wherever we find it, we hereby advertise for "a smart, active young lad" to *read it to him!*

A NEW VOLUME OF THE MIRROR.—We have before us the first number of the 14th volume of the New-York Mirror; and it comes recommended by all the freshness, beauty, and talent of a new and primitive work. Here we have Weir's exquisite vignette frontispiece, from the *burin* of Durand, who has now relinquished the art, and eight pages of diversified, piquant, and agreeable original papers, besides an exquisite musical morçeau arranged for the piano-forte; and fifty-two numbers of equal value will make up a volume of 416 super royal quarto pages with five engravings, and fifty pieces of music, impressed on fine paper, with a superior typographical dress, and all for *five dollars!* We have never heard but one opinion of the Mirror, that it is unrivalled of its kind and very cheap. All the writers of any standing in the country have written for its ample pages, [as Baron Pumpolino says, "*us*, of course,"] and will continue to do so, and Willis and Fay are constant contributors. In the number before us, we have the far-famed poem of Lillian, now published for the first time in the United States. It is a "gem of purest ray serene," and the literary public are indebted to the *Mirror* for its naturalizing the poem here. We have not space to analyze all the literary articles of this number, nor is it necessary that we should do so; but we cannot close this notice without recommending the Mirror to all readers of taste and discernment, as a cheap, comprehensive, entertaining, and valuable work, that ought to be seen on the library of every gentleman, and in the *boudoir* of every lady, who have at heart the well-being of the literature of the country.

The papers of Friday morning announce the melancholy intelligence of the decease of JAMES MADISON, the Father of the Constitution.

☞ We cut the following announcement from a late number of the Mobile Mercantile Advertiser:—

Married, on Saturday evening, the 11th inst, by the Hon. W. H. Garrow, Mr. JOHN A. STUART, to Miss MARY VOS, both of this city.

[With the above matrimonial announcement we received a splendid slice of cake, and a verbal intimation that the latter fact must not be mentioned. Oh, no, we'll not mention it for the world, although we do feel, while eating of the blissful memento, and reflecting upon *scenes* past which are no more to be *acted*, as if we would like to at least send our friend PORTER, of the *New York Spirit of the Times*, a small slice, with an intimation where it came from,—he would moralize so gloriously over it. And then besides, when an old member of the *art* unites his destinies to so brilliant a *star*, it is almost putting a *period* to the joy of his old associates, not to allow them to *distribute* it.—THE PRINTERS.]

"Gone, dear MARY, gone at last!"—and we not there to *kiss the bride!* It's too bad, really;—we have half a mind to "Be mad, or merry, or go hang ourselves!" What a delightful time we *should* have had—such flirting, such carryings-on, and such fun in getting the groom "glorious," and the bride—to bed. We never think of her without being reminded of Tom Moore's lines to Fanny:—

"A bumper for Fanny, I know you will scorn her,
Because she's a prude, and her nose is so curl'd,
But if ever you chatted with Fan in a corner,
You'd swear she's the sweetest dear girl in the world."

The beauteous bride will forgive us, we trust, for the allusion in the second line in consideration of the compliment in the last, which happens to be true, as applied to herself, while the latter is—merely rhyme. That health and happiness attend her and her loving lord, is the fervent wish of "troops of friends" whose aspirations like Flora Macdonald's, extend to the perpetuation of the "noble lineage of the house of Stuart."

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH. A southern gentleman told us "sich a good 'un," the other day of Randolph and the proprietor of one of our principal hotels, and here it is. While Mr. Randolph was engaged in earnest conversation with several gentlemen during his last session in Congress, Mr. ——, of the —— hotel, Broadway, walked up and interrupted him with "How are ye, Mr. Randolph?" "How do you do, Sir," was the reply. "Fine day, Mr. Randolph!" "Sir!" answered Randolph sharply, hoping to get rid of his pertinacious acquaintance. "Fine day, Sir," repeated the man of the hotel, upon which the descendant of Pocahontas turned round and looking the man full in the face fiercely asked, "You keep a *victualing establishment* in New York, I believe? I recollect staying there once, and when I came away I paid you, didn't I?" "Certainly, Sir.' "Good morning, Sir!" The way the hotel keeper slid was *his* business.

A LEETLE STORY.—We have been recently told of a little biting of thumbs and crowing "a la Chanticleer," between two histrionic worthies who had got by the ears because the single Buskin cock-a-do-dle-doed to the married Sock, that he believed "more water glideth by the mill, than wots the miller of."—But Sock was not to be outdone in quotations, so he cock-a-do-dle-doed to Buskin—"O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robusting periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags." Coats were off in a twinkling. "Miller," shouted Buskin.—"Periwig," shrieked Sock. Both stepping back, brandishing their "maulies," and thus "considerably enlarging the *circle* of their acquaintance," let slip the dogs of war, when in rushed the police, and the game was up. As we promised to keep *mum*, thus endeth our "*leetle story*."

A new paper has just commenced in this city 'yclept the *Literary Tomahawk*, and another in Providence under the classic cognomen of *The Rat Catcher!* The first is quite the most *killing* title, though the latter is rather *taking* than otherwise.

AN ELOPEMENT.—The following is from the Boston Traveller:—"A beautiful girl in New York, in her sixteenth year, the only daughter of a rich widow, eloped the other day with her mother's footman, a young man of fine personal appearance, and apparently correct habits. They were pursued and overtaken at Saratoga Springs. But, alas, it was too late. The nuptial ceremony had been performed, and the affectionate mother, after calling in the aid of philosophy, became reconciled; the happy pair then returned to enjoy the honey moon, under the *gratified* auspices of their "mutual mother." The parties agreed to hush up the affair, and it has only been whispered at the Springs."

How's this? FIGARO the II, having just started in his curricle for the Springs, from whence he is to send us weekly reports of the flash and fashion of the day, must look into this matter. It appears very mysterious, and if there has been any such fun going on we must have it—that's poz.

TO OUR BOSTON FRIENDS.—Our very beautiful company the "LIGHT GUARD" are to leave to-day for Providence and Boston. We will only say to the Bostonians that it is one of the most fashionable companies in our city, and that however it may compare in a military view with their own fine companies, it contains as many fine fellows and honorable gentlemen as any military corps in the country. On this subject, we will give the voucher of Maj. Noah.

"On the 2d of July, we are informed, they will leave this city on a tour of camp duty to Boston, where, we learn, preparations have been made to give them a most enthusiastic reception. From our knowledge of the character and standing of the members of the Light Guard, both as citizens and soldiers, we can venture to assure our Boston friends, that their civilities will be bestowed on men, at once deserving and capable of appreciating their attention."

DRAMATIC AND HISTRIONIC TALENT.

A sensible writer has sent us a long communication from Boston, for which we cannot readily command space in our columns to-day, on the subject of the starring system, native talent, etc. His observations are embued with no inconsiderable share of good old fashioned common sense, thongh he falls into a common error, that managers alone, are sensurable for the introduction and continuance of the starring system, and likewise that they offer nought but *dis*-couragement to native actors and dramatists.

The writer commences with the remark that there are "mines of talent in this country which require but a small portion of that encouragement lavished upon foreigners, to be wrought with a success beyond conception." If the writer means to be understood, when speaking of "the encouragement lavished upon foreigners" that large sums have been paid them for dramatic productions, he is mistaken. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE received more in England for his dramatic labors than has been paid by Americans to foreign dramatists since the establishment of the Drama in this country. How is it to be expected that our actors and managers will pay for second and third rate pieces here when the same may be had from abroad gratis, as soon as produced there? When the best efforts of a KNOWLES, a SCRIBE and a ROSSINI can be had at such a price, or rather nothing, what should induce our artists to "give their substance for that which is nought," unless a corresponding patronage of native productions be manifested by the public? It is the play-going community that must decide whether native dramatists shall receive an equivalent for the exercise of their abilities. Mr. FORREST was fortunate enough to secure two or three attractive pieces by the offer of prizes, and Messrs HILL and HACKETT have likewise "put money in their purse" by the production of original dramas. But to their own genius, not to any peculiar talent or effectiveness in the pieces for which they paid, are they indebted for their success. Miss CLIFTON and Mr. WALLACK have recently offered such brilliant prizes for new tragedies that we trust the dramatic talent of the country will at length be brought out in bold and beautiful relief. The question we hold, is yet to be decided whether native dramatists can successfully compete with their contemporaries abroad. In the present state of the American laws of Copy-right, in our opinion, they cannot, without the additional outlay consequent upon the production of original pieces here be met by a corresponding degree of support from that many-headed monster, the public, of whose patriotic feeling and taste, sooth to say, we have no very exalted opinion.

Our correspondent after paying a deserved compliment to Dr. BIRD, the anthor of *The Gladiator*, and also to poor STONE, whose *Metamora* secured thousands to Forrest, remarks to this effect:—"The foundation stone of the Warren Theatre, Boston, where PELBY has made a fortune has been based on *native* dramas, *without Stars*. HAMBLIN, of the Bowery, New York, has not only acquired an independence, but is realizing a large fortune from the dramas of Miss MEDINA, and other writers among us." Now this may all be true enough, but we put it to the good sense and intelligence of our correspondent, if such trash as The Skimmer of the Seas, The Jewess, Rienzi, etc.—pieces dramatized from popular novels and owing their attractiveness to the scene painter and property-man—are to be considered part or parcel of the *Legitimate Drama?* Would they be tolerated by the intellectual audiences that nightly resort to the Park, the Tremont, or the Chesnut street, or in fact any theatre, where the production of flimsy *spectacle* is considered "most tolerable and not to be endured?" But we have overshot a main feature in the argument and must "try back."

Our correspondent may wish to be understood, when he speaks of the encouragement lavished upon exotic talent, that native actors do not receive their deserts from their countrymen. Such an opinion is as general as it is erroneous. They *are* as well patronized—hold an equal rank in society, and are quite as popular (if not more so) as foreign artistes of like pretensions. What man in the profession is a greater favorite or has emassed a larger fortune during his histrionic career than Edwin Forrest? Who are they, on the British stage, more respected, more wealthy, or more popular than *George H. Hill*, *Henry James Hackett*, or *Sol. Smith*, or *Finn*, or *Ludlow*, or *Parsons*, or half a dozen others within our knowledge. Neither *Miss Phillips* nor *Miss Fanny Jarman*, nor *Miss Watson*, has been a greater attraction, popular as each is, and deserves to be—we repeat it, neither of them has made so productive a professional tour in this country as *Miss Clifton* has just concluded in Great Britain.

In every other country but ours, the acquirements deemed requisite to attain mediocrity in the histrionic profession are the fruits of years of laborious toil, while in this, every young man or woman who can recite "My name is Norval," or lisp an apostrophe of Juliet's, imagine themselves especially designed and set apart by Nature to "speak in public on the stage." Let a boy but recite from a chair, "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," and his father pats him on the head, and to his delighted imagination, a second *Kean* is "come to judgment." And such *things* come upon the stage occasionally to compete with those who have made their profession the study of years, and are not only utterly surprised at the coldness of their reception, but at once begin to accuse their more sensible fellow citizens of a want of good feeling and patriotism in according to years of patient toil the homage denied to their puerile efforts after three weeks "*practice*" at some Shinbone Alley Roscius Society.

With regard to the "*Star*" system, upon which our Boston Correspondent is inclined to be pretty considerably almighty particularly savagerous, it is due to the theatrical community to declare that the Managers introduced it, and richly deserve *shy* houses for their pains, while on the other hand, it is alike due to the Managers to affirm that they would long since have considered it "more honored in the breach than in the observance" did not the public support them in it. Instead of setting their faces against the system, the votaries of the Drama withdraw their countenances and the boys in the pit their "ugly mugs," if a *Star* is not the order of the day. In their anxiety to patronize "a bright, particular Star" they nine times in ten throw away their "loose change" upon a mere twinkler, but that is nothing, to them. They are satisfied with the reflection, that as they grow older they shall grow wiser, not to say better. Put up a candle-snuffer as a Star, exhibit a dancing bear, a posture maker, a very fat woman, or a very lean man, and it is an even chance that either would fill half the theatres in the country. As those establishments which take the lead in theatrical matters and give a tone to public sentiment, a Star of pretensions the most limited, is a "surer card" than a sterling old tragedy or comedy though enacted by the best company ever assembled on their boards.

Among the many actors from abroad who visit these hospitable shores as "stars" and stand at our footlights periodically, to "melt like Niobe all tears" and murmur *farewell*—no doubt a great number would find respectable situations in the stock company infinitely more suited to their capacities. Still we doubt if any privileges are accorded to them by the managers that are not alike open and accessible to all. The contrary is urged by many, on the ground that the Managers are themselves foreigners. Their detractors seem to think that the stars alone are from across the water, all the way, while the poor stock actors whom they so much commisserate are all Americans. Nothing can be further from the fact; the proportion of foreigners in our stock companies is 10 to 1 in all our theatres with the single exception of that at Mobile.

It is a little surprising that among the Managers of American theatres, save half a dozen or so, all are foreigners. There is Mr. Simpson of the Park, Hamblin of the Bowery, Dinneford of the Franklin, Flynn of the National, "and last not least in love," Mrs. Hamblin of the Richmond Hill, of this city. Then there is Mr Barry of the Tremont, Pelby of the Warren, and the managers of the Lion, Boston, half the latter, and both the former being from "the fast anchored isle." Messrs. Maywood, Platt, Rowbotham, Wemyss, of the Philadelphia theatres, Blake of the Albany, Russell and Caldwell of the New Orleans and other theatres, are all from Britain, and a more enterprising, upright or better informed class of men is not to be found in the ordinary walks of life. When we have named Mr. Price, co-manager of the Park, Ludlow and Smith of Mobile, and McKinney of the Buffalo theatre, we have about completed the list of American managers, though we believe Mr. Hart, of the Georgia, Willard of the National, and, Pelby of the Warren, (Boston) claim to be "native, and to the manner born." The dozens of minor theatres at the South and West are under the control of the managers of the regular establishments in the large cities, so that out of the sixty theatres in the United States, that are open for definite periods annually, there are not above ten Americans associated in their management. How far this fact may influence the success of native actors and dramatists, or tend to the promotion of the legitimate Drama among our countrymen, we must leave to be discussed hereafter, our crude imaginings having already grown under our hands to a length unintended by us and we fear, undesired by our readers. However, if they are not bored with a dull sermonizing essay occasionally, they will not know how to appreciate sufficiently the "short straws" we offer them. They may not deem this *particularly* modest in us, but we can assure them there's a deal of truth in it.

DOWTON is starring at Boston with eclat. The Tremont is doing a better business just now than it has for many years during this part of the season.

Miss Phillips took a benefit last night at the Park, and John Reeve on Thursday. To-night is set apart for the Harrisons, when Ingersoll appears for the first time on the boards of Old Drury. Miss Phillips and Reeve likewise have volunteered. The season closes on the 4th, when a recess takes place of—twenty-four hours!

JOHN SEFTON takes a benefit to-night, (July 2), and offers a diversified and attractive bill of fare. In the last scene of *Paul Pry* we are to have an imitation of *Liston*, which is said to be "a little out of the common" for its *vraisemblance*. "Vel, vot of it?" Why you must go—"how dare ye" do otherwise *when* Jemmy Twitcher expects every man to do his duty, *and* no mistake. Get a ticket early, *and* "Dont be rash!"

MADEMOISELLE CELESTE.—This popular lady completed an excellent engagement at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, last week, and is now performing to fashionable and crowded houses at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Celeste has in preparation, for the ensuing fall campaign, a number of new Pieces; and amongst which are the Grand Opera of "The Maid of Cashmere," for which she has engaged, at her own expense, two celebrated English singers, and her sister, Mdlle. Elise Kepler, of whom report speaks high.—Taglioni was the original in this Opera, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and when Celeste succeeded her, the public press and the profession pronounced her far superior in the acting, if at all inferior in the dancing. The Queen of England was so much pleased with Celeste in this Opera, that she commanded her to repeat it on the 27th of February, 1833, by special desire.

Miss LOUISE JOHNSON says "Mr. P. *must* notice *my* benefit;" so here goes. Dinneford is to get up for her the drama of *The Sisters*,—lots of people are to play—the rowdy little boys in the pit are to behave pretty "for this night only, by particular request" and there is to be such a good time of it. The Bostonians plagued the poor girl to death by comparing her to Duvernay and Taglioni, and "they *do* say" that some of the Bosting editors were so "purlite" as to make the elegant and classical remark that she could "sling a foot with Celeste, any day," as "Milstone says." After this ere, if the lady does not have a bumper, we "never will do another good natured thing," so 'elp us Bob.

MARSH, at Castle Garden, offers immense attraction on the glorious Fourth.—We have not room for his advertisement to-day, and therefore advise our little friends as well as big ones to give him a call.

☞ The TROT on Thursday, for $2000 a side, two mile heats, between *Modesty* and *Beppo*, was won by the former.

THE CAPTAIN AND CLARA HOWARD.

Mr. Editor—With the exception only of the extraordinary excitement produced by *Bascomb's* matches, the Washington City races, from closer competition, remarkable speed, the re-union upon the field, with some other circumstances, probably caused more general satisfaction than any racing during the campaign, just closed. In my description of the races I expressed the opinion, which I still maintain, that *The Captain's* race, (his *second* heat) surpassed any thing of the kind in our racing annals. This your paper has attempted to controvert, citing *Clara Howard*, as running the same distance, in the same time *two heats*, with more weight. As in your last paper, you enquire "when shall we hear from him" (your present correspondent,) I will revert to the topic; and endeavor to shew the correctness of my original opinion—that the feat *is* unparallelled in our turf annals. As my data for this belief I have searched the Turf Register, and find the two best races of two mile heats, during the last 20 years, have been run by The Captain and Clara Howard. His, I think, the best achievement.

See Am. Turf Register, Vol. 7, page 470, for the account of the Washington City Spring races, subscribed "Wiley J. Stratton, *Secretary*." It is unnecessary to give the additional details, in which will be found other fleet nags—*Virginia Graves*, winner of the 1st heat, *Pythias*, &c.

Jessup	5	5	1	1
The Captain	3	1	3	2
Monmouth	4	2	4	dr.

Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 44s.—3m. 51s.—4m. 7s.

See Am. Turf Register, Vol. 6, page 528, the account of the Long Island "Spring Meeting, 1835," subscribed "Alex. L. Botts, *Secretary*." The further details, (weights not being given, but understood to be 104 lbs, for 4 year olds, fillies allowed 3lbs,) are omitted, as unimportant.

Clara Howard, 4 yrs old	1	2	1
Tarquin	3	5	2
Cadmus	5	1	3

Time, 3m. 44s.—3m. 48s.—3m. 50s.

The weight is also omitted, in the account furnished of The Captain's achievement. This I am able to supply. He is a horse, 5 years old, and, by the rules of the course, carried 110 pounds. Clara, 4 years old, carried 101 pounds—7 lbs less than *Henry*, when he ran his match, over the same course, at the same age.

According to this statement, The Captain carried *nine pounds more than Clara*, and ran his *second heat*, of the same distance, in *the exact time of her first*, and *five seconds quicker than her second heat*. (*Monmouth*, beat in the race by The Captain, ran a few weeks after, upon the Union Course, when heavy from rain, and won his second heat "with ease," in 3m. 48s.) The third heat in The Captain's race, and he was near by, was but one second slower than Clara Howard's third heat. It should also be borne in mind that the Washington Course is *not* as well adapted for speed as the Union;—for at least 30 yards it is near hoof deep in sand, which tells in every progressive mile, as proven by experience, in something like the following ratio, compared with the Union Course: in the first mile from 1 to 2 seconds slower; 2 to 3 seconds in two miles; 4 to 5 in three miles, and 10 to 12 seconds slower in four miles. The time of the same horses will shew this.

The best time that has been made upon the Washington City Course has been: 1m. 50s. for one mile, by *Whig*; 3m. 44s. for two miles by The Captain; (the best previous heat was 3m. 48s, run by *him* and *Azalia*, also a 2d heat, which he ought to have won,—*Eclipse* and *Sir Charles* run their first two miles, the best in their race, in 3m. 50s, completing the four miles in 8m. 3s.) 5m. 47s. for three miles, by *Agility*, and 5m. 48s, by *Mazeppa*, in a second heat; and 7m. 51s. for four miles, by *Juliana*.

Fairly timed and with usual weights, I understand 1, 2, 3, and 4 miles have been run upon the Union Course as follows: one mile in 1m. 48s, by *Pilot* and *The Bonnets of Blue*; two miles in 3m. 44s, by *Clara Howard*; three miles in 5m. 45s, by *Mingo*; and four miles in 7m. 39s, by *Henry*, with four pounds *more* weight than 4 year olds *now* carry at the Union Course. *Cadmus*, that won the 2d heat, in the race with Clara, in 3m. 49s, I perceive, won the two mile heats a few weeks after, in three heats, (*Floranthe*, winner of the 1st in 3m. 50s.) running the 2d and 3d heat in 3m. 47s. each, bringing out the three heats in the *exact* time of Clara's previous race—11m. 24s.

In the same account of the racing at the 2d Spring Meeting, copied into the Turf Register from the Spirit of the Times, it is stated that Clara Howard, the next day, won the 3 mile heats, beating *Charles Kemble* and *Henry Archy*—and "a better contested race was never run over the Union Course;" but neither *the time* nor weights are given. (Can you Mr. Editor at this late day furnish the former—also *all* the achievements of *Post Boy*, some of which, I am sure, have not been published in the Turf Register—no mention of him at 3 years old.) I *saw* The Captain, on the Washington Course, ran a 3 mile heat, beating *Camsidel* and other fleet ones, *hard in hand*, in 5m. 50s.

A horse's character cannot be always learnt from his time. When I saw the first account of the last Trenton Races, that *Post Boy* in two heats had beat Mingo in 8m. 7s, and 7m. 59s, I concluded something must have been wrong. But to learn afterwards that they had run a fourth mile in 1m. 46s, is satisfactory enough. Their speed must be first rate, if there be no mistake. Post Boy is worthy of his sire—Henry.

To judge with any thing like accuracy, of relative racing merit, *equality* is required in the Course, the temperature and state of the weather, the weight, condition, riding, and that a horse be at his maximum, about which we frequently are in error.

I trust however that I have satisfied you, Mr. Editor, The Captain has run the best two mile heats in modern times. Had Willis been his rider he would have won, perhaps in 3 heats, certainly in 4. He was close up at the finish and was beat by a surprise worse than than that at Trenton.

Washington, 20th June, 1836. A SUBSCRIBER.

REMARKS.

The above communication of our valued correspondent, is fruitful in subjects of remark. Differing from him, as we do, in some of his positions, we shall hazard a few observations on the subject ourselves. Before doing this, we desire to acknowledge and correct an error which originally led us astray in our reasoning.

The report of *Clara Howard's* great 2 mile race, as given in our own paper of May 9th, 1835, makes her time as follows: 3:44; 3:44; and 3:50. It was never suggested to us that that report was inaccurate, and we accordingly followed it in compiling our table of Winning Horses, and have all along argued upon that ground. This has led us into error; for upon referring to the official report of the Secretary in the Turf Register, we found the time as given by our correspondent, viz. 3:44; 3:49; 3:50. This, of course, must be the standard, although we observe that the U. S. Sporting Magazine gives a still different report, tho' far from supporting our own.

But allowing that the second heat of The Captain, at Washington, was done in five seconds quicker time than the second heat won in *Clara's* great race with Cadmus, and also quicker than any second heat on record, yet ought we to allow that "The Captain has run the best two-mile heats in modern times?" Is not the average time of the two or three heats a fairer criterion of the speed of horses (in any but a *waiting* race) than that of any single heat? If so, compare the races of Clara Howard and The Captain with this view.

CLARA HOWARD'S RACE.			THE CAPTAIN'S RACE.		
First Heat	3:44		First Heat	3:55	
Second do.	3:49		Second do.	3:44	
		7:33			7:39
Third Heat		3:50	Third Heat		3:51
		11:23			11:30

From this it appears that the race on Long Island was six seconds quicker in the two heats, and seven seconds in the three heats, than the race at Washington. Added to this, it appears from the reports, that Clara ran *second*, and well up in the heat which she lost, while The Captain ran *third* in the first and third heats. As to his fourth and last heat, which he lost "by a surprise worse than that at Trenton," it cannot enter into the comparison of the two races. We would not be deemed captious or opinionated, but it does seem to us that the race of Clara Howard shows more than equal racing merit with that of The Captain. Nay, for that matter, we think the race of *Cadmus*, referred to by our correspondent, a better race than The Captain's if not better than Clara's. The last two heats being done in 3:47 each; five seconds quicker than Clara's last two heats, and but *one* second slower than the time of her whole race. But on this subject we will, instead of insisting upon our own opinion, re-echo the words of our sensible correspondent:—"To judge with any thing like accuracy of relative racing merit, *equality* is required in the Course, the temperature and state of the weather, the weight, condition, riding, and that a horse be at his maximum, about which we frequently are in error."

When the question was first broached upon these races, we in our haste made an error in Clara Howard's age and the weight she accordingly carried. That error was acknowledged in our last. We wish now to remark upon some further opinions of "A Subscriber," and reply to some of his queries.

Our correspondent gives *Mingo* the credit of the best three mile heats run on the Union Course. Mingo won at the first Spring Meeting last year in 5:45; 5:55. Now had the Turf Register "copied," instead of abridged, our report of the 2d Spring Meeting, our correspondent would have found a better race than Mingo's in the very one of which he desires us to furnish the particulars "at this late day." In that race *Clara Howard* beat *Charles Kemble* and *Henry Archy* in 5:47; 5:45; carrying 101 lbs. (See our paper of June 6th, 1835.) After this we think it must be allowed that if The Captain has equalled Clara at two miles, he has something yet to do before he carries off her laurels, won at the longer distance.

We will endeavor to satisfy another wish of our correspondent in a week or two; we refer to *Post Boy's* "achievements." We have them *all* and will give them soon.

Is not the time of Henry's great race as given by "A Subscriber" a slip of the pen—7:39 for 7:37?

In regard to the time of Post Boy also, at Trenton, there may be some error. We reported the last mile of his first heat as having been done in 1:47. A turfman of experience has however called upon us to say that he made it 1:51. If the true time really exceeded 1:47, (and we still do not think it did,) yet all who witnessed the race allow that it was the quickest thing ever seen here.

We do not feel disposed to controvert the opinion expressed in the above communication as to the superiority of the Union over the National Course *for time*. We have not leisure to go enough into examination of the point, just now, though it struck us at the first blush that the allowance of 10 to 12 seconds in 4 mile heats was excessive. We have used "A Subscriber's" own test,—"the time of the same horses" over different courses,—and applied it to the performances of Ironette, Juliana, Mazeppa, Enceiro, Camsidell, Rebecca Coleman and others, at different distances and indiscriminately.

We were obliged to select a variety of Courses, and many horses that never run on Long Island, but we were then able to proceed *by comparison*, and the opinion we have derived from so slight an examination is confirmatory of our first impression. Juliana and Ironette have each made about their best four mile time at Washington, and could either have run that distance on the Union Course in 10 or 12 seconds quicker than they have done over the National, they would have beat Bascomb or Post Boy all hollow.

But after all, this is perhaps a matter of little moment, and we do not feel disposed to pursue the topic at present. Our remarks have already reached a greater length than we had intended, but we will not stop without adding that we shall be pleased to hear from "A Subscriber" again—and *again*.

HUNTING PARK TROTTING COURSE.

We gave the entries last week for the purse of $300, Three Mile Heats, in harness, which came off on Thursday, the 17th inst. and resulted as follows:—

Columbus, entered by Geo. Spicer,	1	1
Kate Kearney, entered by W. Hamill,	2	2
Sam Patch, entered by Mr. Tolbert,	dis.	
Veto, entered by Hiram Woodruff,	dis.	

Time 1st heat, 8:30—2d, 8:35. Columbus' trial strain with *Dutchman* on the Centreville, last May, seems to have been of service to him, he having won several purses since. However "it takes him and he can't hardly," come up to the time made by Dutchman and Fanny Pullen on the occasion referred to—5:18½—5:17½, two mile heats.

On the same day came off a Sweepstakes, under the saddle, for $100, added by the Club to a sub. of $50—Two mile heats, which as will be seen, was won by a New York horse.

Norman Leslie, entered by George Spicer,	1	2	1
Columbus, entered by Hiram Woodruff,	2	1	3
Mount Holley, entered by James Brown,	3	3	2

Time 1st heat, 5:28—2d 5:25—3d, 5:30. We hear Norman Leslie has been sold to a gentleman of Philadelphia but do not much regret it as his late owner is said to have another nag that can "trot around him," as many think—an opinion, by the way which we are inclined to doubt to the amount of a basket of Champaigne. If Norman Leslie is managed prudently he can be made to "beat —— amazingly," as Bennett says.

Mr. Henry Elliott the owner of the noted pair of sorrel horses formerly owned by Mr. Platt has been astonishing our Philadelphia friends lately. He trotted them in double harness over the Hunting Park Course, there, last Tuesday, doing the 1st and 2d miles in 3:10 each, and the 3d in 3:6. They were driven without training by the owner in his common road wagon. On the following day they were driven in double harness half a mile in 1:28.

Hammond, Bascomb's trainer has purchased one half of Mr. Elliott's imp. Velocipede filly, for $500, and trains her free of expense giving Mr. E. a clear half of her winnings. Hammond will get her in "fix" to beat a locomotive soon or break her neck.

MAURY COUNTY, (Tenn.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Our Southern travelling correspondent furnishes us with the annexed report of the Spring Meeting of the Maury County Jockey Club, in anticipation of the official one. As he is more particular with regard to ages, pedigrees and weights we give his report of races the preference in most cases.

First Day, May 18, 1836. Purse $600, ent. $200, P.P. Two mile heats, 3 subscribers.

Willis H. Boddie's gr f *Chloe Ewing*, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs, 97 lbs	0	1
Henry Smith's b f *Blacklegs*, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs, 97 lbs	1	bolt.

Time, 1st heat, 4:0; 2d, not declared—winner walked in.

Second Day, May 19. Purse $1000, ent. $300 P.P., for 3 yrs. old, 86 lbs. Mile heats, 10 subs.

Gen. J. A. Mabry's s c *Hugh Lawson White*, by Leviathan, dam by Conqueror	1	1
Nimrod Porter's s f by Stockholder, dam by Marion	2	2
William Lytle's b f by Stockholder, dam by Virginian	dist.	
Thomas A. Pankey's s f by Red Gauntlet, out of Clara Fisher	dist.	

Time, 1st heat, 1:55; 2d, 1:53.

Third Day, May 20. Purse $300, ent. $50, P.P. 6 subs., (all 3 yrs, 86 lbs.)

H. Ward's b f by Stockholder, dam by Bel-Air	1	1
William Roberts' b c *Bob Foster*, by Stockholder, dam by Bel-Air	2	2
Henry Smith's c c *Logan*, by Pacific, dam full sister to Auralina Smith	bolt.	

Time, 1st heat, 2:17; 2d, 2:7.

Fourth Day, May 21. Purse $250, ent. $50, P.P., One mile out, 5 subs.

John S. Willis' b f *Black Maria*, by Bramblet's Lafayette, dam unknown, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	1
John B. Wortham's s c ——, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2
N. F. Smith's b f *Mary Morgan*, by Roanoke, dam by Bay Diomed, 5 yrs 107 lbs	dist.

Time, 1:57. There is now not only two *Black Marias*, but a *Bay*, a *Grey*, and a *Red Maria*—and what is rather singular, they are all good ones.

[The date of the two last races over the Nashvillle track was incorrectly given in a recent report: the 1st race came off on the 31st May, and the racing was continued during the four subsequent days. The date of the two last races reported should have been June 3rd and 4th.]

Fuller's *Gymnasium*, 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, is thriving as it should. We are glad to see so many gentlemen of rank in society lending it their countenance. Mr. F. has another establishment of the kind at 205 Green-street, where Sparring, Fencing, etc., is taught, and great conveniences are offered for healthful and invigorating exercise.

☞ *Henry Archy*, who recently ran at the Union Course and at Trenton, is offered for sale with several other bits of blood, as will be seen on referring to an advertisement of Blood Stock, on last page.

☞ We have seen nothing lately that promises better for crack sport than the annexed proposition of Mr. Boardman, a spirited Turfman of Alabama. It will be seen that in the Stakes proposed, the get of *Eclipse* and *Leviathan* are to carry 5lbs. extra. This being the case, we look to see half the fashionable stallions in the country represented.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. Boardman enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

MADISONVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times: *Madisonvile, Mississippi*, June 5th, 1836.

Dear Sir—The races at this place commenced on Monday, the 23d May, under the most unfavourable circumstances; the new track, owing to the badness of the weather, being unfinished, we were compelled to use the old one; to make matters still worse, it commenced raining on Sunday (the day previous to the first day's race) and continued sans intermission until the following Saturday, thereby preventing the fine attendance anticipated, and causing the horses to run almost mid-leg deep in mud. The following is the result:—

First Day, Monday, May 23d, 1836.—Jockey Club Purse, $100. Three mile heats.

L. Cock's s. m. *Margery Greer*, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs old, 107lbs	1
Mr. Crow's b. f. by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs old, 97lbs	dis.

The filly was evidently very much out of order, and failed most unaccountably the 2d mile; the mare came in, in a canter. Time, 6m. 35s. I should have premised that the track is thirty-nine yards over a mile.

Same Day—A Match race, One mile out, $1300 to $1200.

Col. O. Claiborne's g. g. —— by Richard	1
Mr. Hutchin's s. h. *Bill*, by Timoleon	dis.

The sorrel horse flew the track at the first turn, and could not be brought into it again.

Second Day, May 24th.—Jockey Club Purse, $375. Two mile heats.

L. Cock's b. h. *Jim Polk*, by Stockholder, dam by imported Eagle, 4 yrs old, 97lbs	1	1
Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 6 yrs old, 115lbs	2	2

Time—1st heat, 4m. 22s.—2d heat, 4m. 21s.

The betting was very spirited on this race, (a fair number of spectators being present, in spite of the horrible state of the weather,) the mare having beaten the horse before at Natchez, and the owners of Jim being very sanguine. Jim took the lead and kept it in both heats, beplastering Antelope and her rider with mud from head to foot.

Third Day, May 25th.—Mile heats, Jockey Club Purse, $325.

Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder, 6 yrs, old, 115lbs	1	1
Wm. S. Smith's s. m. *Lady Van Buren*, by Stockholder, dam by Hamiltonian, aged, 121lbs	2	2
L. Cock's s. f. *Lucy Bantam*, [query Bertram,] by Stockholder, 4 yrs, 97lbs	dis.	

The filly took the lead, followed by the Lady, but owing to the state of the track fell at the first turn, *where she and her rider were jumped over by Lady Van Buren*, Antelope getting cleverly around her; neither horse nor rider were hurt.

Time—1st heat, 2m. 8s.—2d heat, 2m. 10s.

Fourth Day, May 26th.—Jockey Club Purse, $500. Four mile heats.

Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard, 4 ys. 97 lbs	1	1
L. Cock's s. f. *Lucy Bantam*, by Stockholder, 4 yrs. old, 97 lbs	2	2

[*No Time.*]

This race was very easily won, although Susan fell some four or five times to her knees. The Course, from the effect of the previous day's running, or what before was mud, was in such a miserable condition, that the horses only cantered, with the exception of some brushes on the home stretch.

Thus ended our Spring Races, with much less sport than was anticipated.—The weather from the commencement was such, that none but the keenest sportsman, or some amphibious animal, would have ventured from under shelter; but we hope to do better things next fall on our new track.

With respect, your ob't. servant,

CHARLES W. CLIFFTON, *Secretary*.

JACKSONVILLE, (Illinois) SPRING RACES.

The Spring Races over the Diamond Grove Course, commenced on Thursday the 26th day of May. The weather was fine, the course well attended by a numerous concourse of spectators, and the whole was conducted with the utmost harmony and good feeling. The first day the track was a little heavy, in consequence of severe rains a few days previous, but the other two days it was in good order.

First Day, Thursday, May 26.—Jockey Club Purse and entrance $128—Three mile heats.

Jas. A. Lee's b. h. *Civilian*, 6 yrs old, by Sea Gull, dam Eagle, 118lbs	1	1
E. A. Darcy's b. h. *Lancer*, 4 yrs old, by Lance, dam Lady Forest, 100 lbs	2	2
S. W. McConnell's b. m. *Crazy Jane*, 6 yrs old, by Bertrand, dam by Robin Gray, 115lbs	dis.	

Time—1st heat, 6m. 22s. In running the first quarter of the second mile of the second heat the rider of Lancer was thrown, and Civilian being left without a competitor, was galloped round the track, and consequently no time given.

Second Day, Friday 27.—Purse and entrance $120. Two mile heats.

J. W. Lott's b. m. *Caty Cruiser*, 9 yrs old, by John Richards, dam by Badger's Sir Solomon, 115lbs	1	1
S. S. Duncan's c. s. m. *Lady Elmore*, 4 yrs old, by Diamond, dam unknown, 97lbs	2	3
Thos. W. Lane's b. h. *Davy Crockett*, 5 yrs old, by Bertrand, dam by Baronet, 100lbs	3	2
E. A. Darcy's c. h. *Clodhopper*, 4 yrs old, by Flagellator, dam by Clockfast, 100lbs	4	4
J. Turpin's b. c. *Romulus*, 3 yrs old, by Columbus, dam by Winter's Arabian, 96lbs	5	dr.
S. W. McConnell's b. m. *Crazy Jane*, 6 yrs old, by Bertrand, dam by Robin Gray, 115lbs	dis.	

Time—1st heat, 4m—2d heat, 4m. 3s. This was the most beautifully contested race that we have ever had the pleasure of witnessing. Mr. Turpin's b. h. Romulus taking the lead, and keeping it until he came upon the last quarter, when the rest of the horses, with the single exception of Crazy Jane, ran up, and came in, apparently all abreast; but the heat was awarded to Dr. Lott's b. m. Caty Cruizer, who shot ahead, and came home to the throat-latch in front of S. S. Duncan's Lady Elmore.

Third Day, Saturday 28.—Purse and entrance $90, best three in five. Mile heats.

J. Frost's b. h. *Triumval*, 4 yrs old, by Peace-Maker, dam unknown, 100lbs	1	1	1
T. T. January's c. h. *Buckhorn*, 4 yrs old, by Royal Charlie, dam by Hazard, 100lbs	2	2	dr.
S. S. Duncan's c. m *Lady Elmore*, 4 yrs old, by Diamond, dam unknown, 97 lbs	3	3	2
M. E. Rattan's b. g. *Indian Bill*, 4 yrs old, dam by Stockholder, 97lbs	4	dr.	

Time—1st heat, 1m. 53½ sec.—2d heat, 1m. 55—3d heat 2m. This race was well contested between Triumval and Buckhorn. In the 1st and 2d heats Triumval took the lead, but Buckhorn ran up and challenged him, and after running neck and neck, on the home stretch, Triumval succeeded in gaining about a quarter of a length, and maintained it until they passed the stand. After the 2d heat, Buckhorn was drawn, and the other heat was won with ease by Triumval.

Courier. E. M. MALLORY, Sec'y.

NASHVILLE, Tenn. RACES.

June 11.—Sweepstakes, $200 sub. P. P., and $100 added by Proprietors. Three mile heats.

Gen. J. A. Mabry's s. c. *Hugh Lawson White*, by Leviathan, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs, 86lbs	1	1
Willis B. Boddie's gr. m. *Chloe Ewing*, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs, 97lbs	2	dis.
Leonard P. Cheatham's b. c. ——, by Pacific, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs, 86lbs	3	dis.

Time, 1st heat, 6:11—2d, 6:8. Won easily.

Since the publication of our correspondent's report of the Nashville races we have seen the official one, from the Secretary, Thos. Alderson, Esq., and are gratified to be able to remark that our correspondent's report does not suffer in comparison.

MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

ADVENTURE IN AN ALBANY STEAMER.

The circumstances about to be detailed will be no doubt readily remembered, by every person whose pleasure or business called them on the North River in a *night boat*. For two months after the occurrence, it was noted that very few ladies would take passage in a night boat, and when they did, the doors were double locked and bolted before they retired to rest, and one of the inmates was appointed to watch for two hours at a time during the night. The cause of these unusual precautions will be made plainly palpable, by a perusal of the annexed details, which I will however preface by a slight sketch of the principal actor.

By the death of a wealthy uncle who departed this life in May 183—, Charles L. became possessed of a fortune to the management of which he had long aspired, and the care of which he thought would set easy on his mind, unused tho' he was to business. He had early lost his parents, and being indulged by this fond uncle in every wish, was in every respect a spoiled child. He was never remarked for brilliancy, but in a young man of his expectations, that was not required. What he was, the sequel will show.

Some time after his accession to the fortune of his uncle, he started to make the tour of Europe, and was absent nearly two years. At the end of that time he returned but so bewhiskered, so moustached, so completely altered, from his formerself, that his good mother would have passed him in the street, and not dreamed that the monkeyfied dandy before her was her Charley. He was rich and of course commanded an entry into the first circles both in Europe and at home. Shortly after his return from his continental tour he began to look about for a wife, and thought seriously (at least so he said) of settling down, and becoming a quiet, useful member of society.

His taste was not very difficult, and in a few months he was mated to his heart's content with the lovely and accomplished daughter of a wealthy merchant of this city. The wedding took place, in the latter part of June, and in the early part of July (as in *fashion* bound) the happy couple started on a tour to Saratoga. All the world goes there in the summer, and they could not stay away.

On the—of July 183—, the happy new made husband and his happier wife took passage in one of the splendid Albany boats, which started at 5 P. M. But had poor Charles even dreamed of the consequences of that unfortunate trip, he would have been contented to remain at home, and lose his caste in the fashionable world. But he was not blessed with a second sight, and the pilgrimage to the shrine of fashion was begun.

The afternoon was lovely—a fine fresh north west breeze blew down the river, and cooled the heated atmosphere. The scenery was splendid, and every thing in perfect keeping and harmony with their own happy hearts. Charles and his lovely Emma promenaded the deck until a late hour. They heard not the bell for tea. Their thoughts, their feelings were absorded in each others happiness. Their conversation was apparently very animated, and some few sentences which were uttered above a breath were caught by a listening ear, and *not forgotten*.

"Dearest Emma," said the enraptured groom, "ours must be a life of love and happiness. I used to say with Marmontel,

> "Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime
> If faut aimer ce qu'on a.

But now oh how changed my feelings. I love you and you alone, and whether absent or present I must ever love you.

"And my own Charles," murmured the happy bride, "can you for a moment doubt my love, my faith, my constancy ¿"

"No, dearest, I never can, or will. But come, Emma, you had better retire. The dew is falling, and I fear you may catchcold."

"Well, my love, but you will come soon, will you not? Remember, we have only been married a fortnight.

"*En verité*, I will. How can I bear to be parted from my heart's idol?" And with these words, they descended the stairs that led to the main deck. (They had been walking the upper deck.) As he left her at the door of the ladies cabin, he softly pressed her hand, as she said, "No. 15, do not forget," and they parted for the present.

"Now, Charles had become so completely and thoroughly alienated frrm all vulgar customs, that he had entirely forgotten that on board of American steamboats, it was not customary for a gentleman though he were newly wedded, to join his bride *pour la nuit*, in the cabin appropriated to the ladies. Of that anon.

As he went forward he was met by a friend of his, a young gentleman, likewise of fortune and, for a wonder, of sense. He, too, was bound for Saratoga, and had engaged to accompany Charles and his bride.

"Hilloa, L—, were are you going in such a hurry?"

"Oh, I'm just going forward to smoke a segar before I go to bed."

"Well come; I'll join you. Where's your birth?"

"Oh, havn't any myself. Emma is No. 15, in the upper cabin. Of course, you know, I don't want one *myself*,"—and he chuckled at his own wit.

"Why, man you are crazy. You don't surely expect to go there to night. Don't you know, that that cabin is exclusively for the ladies. No gentleman is permitted to enter there. It is the *sanctum sanctorum* of the ladies, and its rights must not be invaded.

"Come, now, no joking," gasped the alarmed L—; "Not admitted? Why, man, I have not been married a fortnight yet. I don't like such jokes at all."

"I tell you, L—, I am not joking, upon my honor. Just come here," and he led Mr. L—to the sign, on which was painted "Ladies Cabin—Gentleman are not admitted." "There, do you see that? Will you believe me now?

"My God, what will poor Emma do? Only married a fortnight! Oh dear, if I'd a known that, I m sure I'd have taken a day boat. Not sleep with my wife! Oh dear, what shall I do? But I say, Jerry don't you think I can get in without anybody's knowing it? I promised her I would come, and by Jove, I must go. What will she think if I do not?"

"I tell you, man, it is impossible. Don't you see that sign? If the captain should catch you at that trick, and you hadn't been married two days, he would play the very devil with you. Come along down stairs. Let's have some wine and you shall have part of my berth. What number did you say?"

"Fifteen," whined Mr. L—, who saw his hopes thus blasted so surely.

They retired to the forward cabin. Champagne was called for. One bottle soon disappeared, and Mr. L—'s eyes began to snap and crack.

"I say though Jerry, it is (hic) a d——d hard case aint it."

Oh never mind—you can easily make up for it some other time. You must'nt mind these trifles. Come take another glass of wine. Waiter, another bottle."

Jerry, only think (hic) I hav'nt been married 2 weeks yet, and (hic) I told her I eer (hic) certainly would come—and the (hic) last thing she (hic) told me was the number of her (hic) berth.

"Aye, true! What did you say it was? I declare I had forgot."

"Why Jerry your're (hic) drunk. I told you 15, and (hic) I'm blam'd if you haint forgot already (hic,) I guess if you had (hic) only been mar (hic) married two weeks, (hic) you would'nt forget where (hic) your wife slept.'!

"That's true enough, but come let's finish this bottle. I say, L. dont fear, your wife wont be disappointed. I'm sure she wont go, make yourself easy. She has sense enough to know that it is against all rules."

The second bottle was finished, and poor L——was put into the berth of his friend Jerry, by the waiters.—He was partially disrobed. He walked on deck, smoked a couple of segars and retired below to rest.

About one o'clock, when all was still and nothing was heard but the motion of the engine, and the splashing of the wheels, Jerry arose, he but half dressed himself, and first taking a good look to see that his bed fellow was fast bound, went on deck. He walked towards the ladies' cabin, and peeping through the curtains, saw that nothing was stirring within and looking cautiously around to see that he was not noticed without, he cautiously opened the door and entered. He had slippers on and his tread was noiseless. A small lamp was burning on the table, and by its light he was enabled to distinguish the numbers on the berths. He found the number desired, and taking a good survey so as not to miss it in the dark, he blew out the light.

Delicacy forbids our following him, but about three o'clock, "murder, fire, rape, help," and an hundred such exclamations as will escape ladies' lips when they are alarmed at night, were heard issuing from the ladies' cabin. The officer of the watch ran aft—the men followed him. He opened the door of the ladies' cabin, and vainly endeavored to find out the cause. The screams, screaching and cries continued. Some of the ladies had got up, and in their *robes de nuit*, were groping for the door, screaming with all the strength of their delicate lungs.—"Murder, fire, and rape" were cried and cried again, and in another moment a light was there, and half the gentlemen passengers of the boat had rushed to the scene.

All entered the ladies' cabin pell mell, and such a sight was never before or since seen in such a place. The ladies were frightened out of their senses, and had forgotten the state of their dresses. The gentlemen were anxious to succour the ladies, and did not wait to array themselves. And thus they were—white necks and whiter bosoms were exposed to the gaze of the astonished gentlemen, and the poor ladies only had sense enough remaining to hide their eyes. The gentlemen all stood amazed, the ladies shrunk abashed. At length one more bold than the rest, ventured to enquire the cause of this alarm. "Oh the villain"—"the monster"—"the wretch"—"a man"—"not dressed"—"rape"—"fire"—"murder"—"I saw him"—"naked"—and a thousand unintelligible sentences and words flew about from each pretty mouth.

"A man!" exclaimed several at once, who instantly saw through the whole. "Lynch him, tar and feathers, duck him, put him ashore, who is he?" &c. &c. uttered the *married men*—the bachelors kept silent—they only thought, what a d——d fool he must be—they were wise—but who was the assaulter? None could say.

"I heard a man's voice," "I heard something else," "I heard him kiss her," "I heard him go out," exclaimed the ladies in a breath, but none had heard him come in. The gentlemen were perplexed—they knew not what to do. At length some sapient husband proposed to count noses. It was done, and one was missing of the ladies. A search was commenced, and ended at No. 15, where was found poor Mrs. L., whose face, and brow, and neck, were crimsoned with a tint, that would have defied the skill of a Guido to put on canvass. She had heard the first scream, the first noise—and her *husband* (for such was the intruder at the birth,) had started at it and escaped. There she lay like poor Dudu, had like her might—

> "Implore that present pardon might be shown
> For this first fault, on no condition,
> (She added in a soft and piteous tone,)
> Juan should be taken from her."

But there was now no time for poetry or romance. She was the unwitting cause of all this uproar, and of this scene, and she knew it, but was she bound to say it? She was asked once, twice and thrice—at the third question she responded—"My husband."

Let us now take a peep into the gentlemen's cabin.

About three Mr. Jerry might have been seen (had any one been on the watch) hastening to his berth in great disorder. He found it empty.

What a glorious thing it is to have a quick penetration? His plan was formed at once. Hastily putting off a portion of his garments, he ran up stairs and joined the crowd in the cabin. He heard the screams and cries, and could account for them; for in the excess of his affection for his friend's wife he had kissed her too loud, and a lady passenger, who happened to awake at the precise time his kiss ended, (it was a Byronian kiss,) and her modesty being shocked, and her virtue alarmed, (she was an old maid of forty-five,) she started the key note, which was followed by the whole choir, and in the dark Jerry made off.

Now let us go back to the ladies cabin.

"Where is your husband," finally demanded a big whiskered savage looking fellow.

"Oh, I don't know—he was here not five minutes ago, but I don't know where he is now. Oh, yes, there he is," she almost screamed as she caught sight of Mr. L. *en dishabille*, making his way towards her.

He was stopped before he had advanced ten paces, and as he answered "yes," to question put, whether that was his wife or not, he was seized, and in an instant found himself on the outer deck.

The captain was deputed to say to the terrified and indignant ladies, that the offender, who was now discovered, should be properly punished, and the doors were closed. Some difficulty was, however, at first found in ejecting some of the bachelors from the cabin; they had got peeps at lovely necks and shoulders, pretty feet and ancles, &c. But they were finally removed.

Not one heeded the plaints of poor Mrs. L. She wept, and prayed to be let out to go and see her husband; but it was unanimously decided that, as she was the prime mover of the whole affair, she must also be punished, and she was detained. While the ladies were setting around the table in their *robes de nuit*, awaiting the decision of the court, the following scene was enacted without.

Mr. L. was taken on the upper deck, still *en dishabille*. A meeting was called, a presiding officer appointed, and an enquiry instituted. Mr. Jerry was the first and only witness called for the *prosecution*, and he, after detailing the conversation with Mr. L. on the previous evening, stated that being in his birth asleep, he was, about three o'clock in the morning, awoke by violent screams and noises, as if proceeding from the ladies' cabin—that just as he was about to get up to see what could be the matter, Mr. L. came running along the cabin, and endeavored to get into his birth—that he had failed to do so, and so failing, ran on deck with the rest, no doubt hoping by these means to escape the detection of his infamous conduct.

This was the sum and substance of his testimony, which was not, however, taken on oath. Some few *married* men addressed the meeting on the subject, and on being put to vote, it was decided *nem con* that Mr. L. should be *instanter* put on shore. In vain he asserted that he knew nothing about the business—that he had, to be sure, *not* engaged a berth in the gentlemen's cabin, because he had thought he might join his wife—that Jerry had explained to him the impropriety and impossibility of such a step, and that he had gone to bed so drunk, that he could not possibly have been there. In vain. His story would not take, and he was ordered to go below and dress, with the promise added, that if he were not speedy, they might not wait for him to perform even that operation.

He raved, he stormed, he swore, but to no effect. He begged to see his wife—she would explain all—she would swear he had not been near her that night. The amazing impudence of this last assertion struck every one present, for not ten minutes before she had declared that her *husband* had been there in the ladies' cabin, in her berth, and that he had in the noise and uproar escaped.

Some thougnt of tarring and feathering him before he was landed, but that was abandoned as cruelty, and poor Mr. L— was put into the long boat, five dollars were given to him, and he was put on shore at 4 o'clock in the morning, at a place about 10 miles from any town. As I did not land with him, I cannot speak of his conduct ashore, but will speak only of the poor lonely, deserted, and heart broken Mrs. L—.

When informed of her husband's fate, she fainted, and enacted a scene for about two hours that would have shamed Mrs. Siddons in effect. Finally she cooled down, and as the morning approached grew quite calm. Mr. T— (Jerry) conducted Mrs. L. to the breakfast table, and endeavored by every possible method to calm her troubled spirits with assurances of her husband's safety, and she was pleased to find a friend in her hour of need.

On their arrival at Albany, Mr. T— took charge of the baggage of both, and driving to the best hotel, bespoke two rooms and a private parlor.

"Here," said he, "we must remain until Mr. L— reaches us. But Mrs. L—if you knew the perfidy of that man, I am sure you would not again trust him, or waste such sweets as yours, upon such a false husband."

Mrs. L's eyes flashed fire, as he said "false husband," but she restrained herself and demanded an explanation why he used those words.

Mr. T— then calmly and coolly, but first begging her not to be offended, told her how Mr. L. had made an appointment with another lady who slept in the cabin. How, over his wine he had disclosed it to him, how he had made him so intoxicated that he could not keep his appointment, and how he wishing to punish a husband who could be untrue to such loveliness, had obtained from his own lips the number of her berth, and in short how he had personated Mr. L.

Mrs. L. was slow to believe this specious tale, but his arguments and words convinced her—and her woman's pride rose up against him—her woman's hate was aroused, aed she took a woman's revenge.

Mr. T— read in her eyes his hopes, and kneeling before her, swore how he had long and hopelessly loved her—how he had sighed and grieved to see his pearl of countless value thrown away—and how he had dared to hope that time might effect that change in her sentiments towards him, which would alone render life desirable.

She believed him, and in ten days the names of Mr. and Mrs. E. (the names they had assumed,) were on the books of the hotel at Niagara. *Herald.*

DUCK SHOOTING IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.

There are more than twenty kinds of wild ducks that frequent the Susquehanna and Chesapeake, differing in size, colour of plumage, and flavour; at the head of which the canvass-back is placed by universal consent. The following is a list of some of them, placed in an order of excellence:—first, the canvass-back (two varieties,) red head, bald pate, black head (three varieties,) blue wing, mallard, black duck, summer duck, teal, bull head, grey duck, widgeon, spoon-bill, sprig tail, dipper, coote, water-witch, hairy crown, fisherman, south southerly, and perhaps others not recollected; besides swans, geese, brant, &c. &c.

Few epicures can distinguish the flesh of the canvass-back from that of the red head, and some other ducks, by tasting. The small number of those who can taste any difference give the canvass-back the preference: whilst the much larger number who cannot, are not competent to decide: therefore the canvass-back has it. *De gustibus non disputandum*; but many persons, particularly foreigners, who have been loudest in praising the delicacy and flavour of the canvass-back have never tasted it, having been delighted with the flesh of other ducks imposed upon them for the canvass-back. Yankee landlords frequently practice this trick, when they receive John Bull on his travels.

A pair of fat canvass-backs, male and female, weigh from six to seven pounds. This duck has been accurately described by Mr. Wilson, and other ornithologists, except that they have omitted to mention that there are two varieties. One has a shorter neck than the other, and its breast (unlike the other's) is of a dark red colour.

With few exceptions, all the wild ducks live on the same food, which is the roots of a grass that grows in the mud, at the bottom of the water. The root of this grass is three inches long, and terminates in a bulb, white, like celery. This grass grows on the shoals in the Susquehanna, and most other rivers that empty into the Chesapeake, in four, six, and ten feet water; but never where the tide leaves the bottom dry. The blade is six feet long and half an inch wide, like a narrow ribbon. It grows so thick all over the flats, that it is with difficulty a flat-bottomed boat can be pushed through it when the tide is out; and when the ducks tear it up by the roots, the tops float ashore in large patches, where it is rolled up in windrows by the surf.

It is a common error that some ducks depend upon others to dive for their food, and take it from them when they come to the top of the water. Nature provides every duck with the means of procuring its own subsistence. The canvass-back, and most other ducks, dive for the roots of grass, frequently in ten feet water; and generally swallow it before they come to the surface. The bald pate does not dive for its food; but feeds in shoal water, by running its head under, leaving its body out like the swan and goose. When the tide is over the marshes, so that the bald pate cannot touch the bottom, it goes where other ducks are diving, and picks up such pieces of grass roots as they cast away. It is curious that this duck does not dive for its food, because, when it is wounded, it proves the most expert and persevering diver of any other. It has never been known to *tole* to dog or flag. When the other ducks, in the same flock, are swimming in to see the dog, the bald pate always keeps his distance, without exhibiting the slightest curiosity. The head of this duck is not exactly bald; but it has a stripe of white feathers running from its bill towards the top of its head, from which it is presumed to derive its name. The rest of the drake's head is covered with shining green plumage, terminating in a tuft on the top.

The wild ducks arrive in the Susquehanna about the first of October, and remain somewhere in the Chesapeake until the middle of March. They do not all arrive nor depart at the same time. The different species come and go, some earlier and others later. The blue wing comes about the middle of September, and the black head does not leave here until the middle of April. Each kind comes and goes in distinct flocks, at different periods. Ducks of a different species never associate. They are compelled frequently to meet on the same feeding grounds, but they never roost together, nor fly in the same flock when they are scared up together from the feeding grounds. Each kind separates into distinct flocks, and goes different ways. Before they leave here in the spring, they prepare themselves for a long flight by filling their craws with gravel, which they pick up on the shores. At this time they are lean and eat snails, which give their flesh a rancid taste. They come in the fall from Canada, where they hatch during the summer; and when the pools and rivers freeze up there, they come here in quest of food. Mr. Wilson says, that he has no certain accounts of the canvass-back south of James river, Va. I have seen large flocks of them on the lakes in West Louisiana; and they are frequently sold in the New Orleans market of excellent flavour. They breed in great abundance, with other ducks, on the sea marshes and small islands that are not habitable, along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Large patches of ground are taken up with their nests, which are laid out with great regularity, about four feet apart. Many persons visit their breeding grounds with boats, and return with bushels of their eggs. It is not probable that any of these ducks come to the Chesapeake, because their feeding places, in their native region, are never frozen. It has been conjectured that several varieties of ducks have been produced by crosses betwixt different kinds but this theory is not supported by any known facts or good reasoning. The varieties of ducks were no doubt created originally distinct, like the varieties of the human species; and man is the only animal in creation (when left in his natural state) that does not always breed to one of its own variety. The order and beauty of nature would be destroyed except for this undeviating instinct.

When the ducks first arrive from the North, they light in the bay below Havre de Grace, on the Penny shoals, covering the water by acres. They are lean, but being voracious, and having abundance of their favourite grass to feed upon in about two weeks they become fat. When they are disturbed upon these shoals by boats, they rise from the water in flocks that darken the air; and the noise of their wings can be heard five miles or more on the water, resembling distant thunder. As soon as the mornings become cold and frosty, and the waters rough in the bay, they come into the creeks and along the shores of the Susquehanna, and other rivers of the Chesapeake to feed. Then the shooting begins.

A detail of all the various stratagems practised to kill ducks would be tedious. We will therefore give a short account of some of them.

Toling begins when the ducks first approach the shores, in the early part of the season, and is practiced in this manner:—An active dog that is trained to run after stones is started from behind a blind, by throwing for him on the shore, near the edge of the water, whilst the gunner lays concealed. The dog should be kept constantly in rapid motion, and all the time in sight of the ducks—bounding over the rocks and flourishing his bushy tail; but he must not bark, for that would frighten them. As soon as the ducks see the dog playing on the shore, they stretch out their necks in amazement; and, by a sort of unconscious movement swim towards him with a vacant stare, as if they were spell-bound. The sport is very liable to interruption: if they see a boat, or a man, or another dog, or any living thing besides the toler, they will swim or fly away. They must see but the one attracting object: as soon as their attention is divided the charm is broken and they become sensible of their danger. If two dogs be started to tole together the ducks will fly. They will frequently come to a coloured handkerchief, or flag waved on the end of a pole; but the dog must not be in sight when the flag is shown, or he will destroy the effect of it. The young ducks that never saw a dog before are more easily toled, and the old ones in the same flock follow them.—Sometimes a dozen or less leave a large flock and swim in; but frequently the whole flock, consisting of many hundreds. Indeed all that are near enough to have a fair view of the dog, come driving ahead in a tumultuous manner; those on the outside flying and lighting before those nearest, and striving to get ashore first. The flock is kept in an uproar by the successive flights of those alternately thrown in the rear, until all get near enough to take a fair view of the fatal show. This, however, is not the usual manner of toling. I have several times seen them come in this style, but they generally swim in without flying. It is a critical juncture when the ducks are coming: the gunner is uneasy, lest his dog should prove intractable and spoil the shot. The toler [dog] pays no attention to the ducks when he is first started, because they are then four or five hundred yards off; but as they approach nearer he begins to care less and less about the stones that are thrown for him, occasionally whining and casting longing looks at the ducks. It now requires all the art and authority of the master (who must not speak loud, nor show himself, but direct his dog by waving his hand) to keep him in the line of his duty, which cannot always be done; for instinct frequently overcomes the best training. It frequently happens that the dog refuses to run, after the ducks come within sixty or eighty yards of him, but stops to look at them. There he stands; or, if spoken to sharply, sits down on his tail—lifting his fore feet and whining with anxiety, as he looks first at the ducks and then at the gunner, expecting him to fire. The impatience of the dog often compels the gunner to fire before the ducks are near enough, and kill two or three, when they might have slaughtered them by dozens, if the dog had continued playing. The dogs that are trained to tole should never be suffered to bring the dead ducks out of the water, they will seldom play long enough after they have mouthed the ducks and licked their blood. As a dog can never be taught to know that the ducks are attracted by his playing, he cannot always be made to continue it after the ducks come near enough to engage his attention. There are generally two or more gunners in the same blind; and when no accident happens, and the dog runs as he ought to do, the ducks are brought within a few yards of the shore, and the dog is manœuvred so as to huddle them together. No one moves until he that plays the dog throws his last stone, and tells the others to get ready: he gives ample time to take aim, and pronounces the word fire. Then every gun pours a shower of shot on that part of the flock opposite to it. A scene of confusion ensues: the routed ducks rise up, beating the water with their wings: rows of ducks opposite the battery, are stretched upon their backs, dying the waves with their blood, whilst the cripples are flapping and diving about in every direction. Before the shooters have time to get upon their feet, the water dogs have rushed out of the blind, some of them are bringing the dead ducks ashore, and others plunging about in pursuit of the wounded. Great numbers are killed by this stratagem. I have seen as many as forty-two canvass-backs and red heads killed by three simultaneous discharges, besides fifteen wounded, that were picked up by boats. I knew a party of three gunners to kill seventy-six ducks, at three shots a-piece one morning; and the next, ninety-five at four shots. I have heard of larger numbers being killed, but never saw it. I have seen the same flock of ducks toled three times in the same day, and shot at each time; but this does not often occur. They get very shy after they have been decoyed a few times, and will fly at the sight of a dog. The canvass-back, red head, and black head, are easily toled; but there are several kinds of ducks that never have been known to tole. The best time of the day is from sunrise till nine o'clock in the morning; but I have seen them toled every hour in the day; and they will come to a white dog or flag by moonlight.

The gunner that pursues ducks by moonlight has a small skiff, built for the purpose, so light that he can lift it out of the water and haul it across the marshes and bars. He rows it with a paddle in each hand, sitting with his back to the bow. If the water is calm he loads it with stone, which, with his own weight sinks it within a few inches of the surface. When he discovers a flock of ducks feeding, he lays down in the bottom of the boat and skulls it forward slowly with one hand extended behind him—keeping his boat, when practicable, in the shadow of some projecting bank or wood, until he gets within shooting distance. Then he raises his head to take aim, and generally makes great slaughter. It is not unusual for fifteen or twenty ducks to be picked up after the discharge of a single barrel, besides a great many cripples that make their escape by diving and putting up nothing but their bills above the moonlit surface for air. Some of these boats are armed with a swivel gun, carrying a quarter of a pound of powder and one pound of shot. This play of pursuing ducks in boats alarms them more than any other, and will probably drive them from the Susquehanna, if continued a few years longer. Last winter they left the Fenny shoals about the middle of December, and did not return again during the winter nor the ensuing spring. They went farther down the bay, where the water is too rough for small boats to follow them. When they first arrive from the north they will permit a boat, in the day time, to approach within a few yards of them, if the gunner is concealed behind bushes, stuck up along the side of it; and many are killed this way. But after they have been shot at a few times, there is no chance of getting near them. When the nights are dark they sleep in flocks, with their heads under their wings, having sentinels placed around on the look out; but notwithstanding this precaution, the gunners have manœuvred their boat with so much silence and skill, as to get into the middle of the flock and strike the ducks with their paddles before they awoke. A few shots fired at them when they are sleeping will drive them from the neighbourhood. Nothing frightens them so much as surprising them at roost.

When they are not chased away by boats, they feed along the shores and in the creeks, near enough to be shot in the daytime, and also at night when the moon shines. The gunner is obliged to crawl frequently several hundred yards dragging his gun by his side, keeping a bush or bank betwixt him and the ducks to get a shot at them; or lay in wait, sometimes four hours, behind a blind, until they feed in near enough. As they never all dive at the same time—about half the flock being above the surface, whilst the rest are below—it is no easy matter to steal upon them undiscovered. Shooting them from the shore does not drive them from the neighbourhood like following them in boats. I have seen as many as twelve and fifteen killed by one discharge, when they are feeding near the shore.

When the ducks are not driven away, they roost every night, during the dark of the moon, on the Penny shoals; and fly into the rivers and creeks every morning, from day break until ten o'clock, to feed, and return again in the afternoon from all quarters, to sleep on the shoals, a mile or more from the land. It is their flying to and from their feeding grounds that makes the shooting on the wing at the different points.

A dozen or more gunners (who are first-rate shots) go out in their skiffs fro

Havre de Grace every morning and afternoon, and station themselves in a line, one in each boat, betwixt Watson's Island and the town, to shoot at the ducks as they fly to and from their feeding grounds, betwixt the Island and Port Deposit. This floating battery makes a fine display when viewed from the town or the opposite shore. When a flock or single duck is seen by one of the shooters, the words "Mark, coming up" (or "down") are sounded from one to another along the line, and all squat low in their boats: first the red flash is seen, with a volume of smoke; and then the duck down toppling from the air, with a loud plunge into the water; and after that comes the report, repeated by forty echos. This scene is acted every few minutes, for hours together. The ducks fly very high here, and generally singly, or in small bunches; and it requires guns of the largest size, and a shooter accustomed to the management of a boat, to kill them. These boats are too small to carry more than one person, and will upset if a gun be awkwardly fired out of them. The gunner stands up to load his piece, and sometimes sits down, or lies flat on his back, to fire.

The points at the mouths of almost all the rivers and creeks that empty into the Chesapeake make shooting at times. When the wind blows hard on, it sets the ducks nearer these points than they intended flying, and gives the shooter a chance of killing them. Various stratagems are practised to bring the ducks within shooting distance; such as flying kites, stationing boats &c., but they seldom answer.

Spesutia Island is divided from the main land by a narrow stream, about three miles in length called the Narrows, which is the best place for shooting ducks on the wing at the head of the bay. The shooters repair to the lower mouth of the Narrows before the day dawns, and station themselves, at convenient distances apart, in the marsh amongst the reeds, on both sides of the pass. As soon as day dawns the ducks commence flying through the narrows, to get to their feeding grounds, and thereby avoid going several miles round the island; they often continue passing until noon. Every duck that goes through low enough may be said to run the gauntlet; there being sometimes a dozen sharpshooters on both sides of him. Each shooter has one or more water dogs, that crouch on the ground until he puts up his gun to fire, keeping their eyes fixed on the ducks; and the instant one gives way in the air, they plunge in before it strikes the water. If the ducks are fat and have far to fall, they split the skin on their breasts, burying themselves beneath the water or bounding up several feet from the surface. Some of these dogs will remain in the water half an hour or more in very cold weather, pursuing a wounded duck; and will seldom abandon the chase whilst there is the least chance of success, unless they are called in. Mr. Veazy, who lived on Spesutia Island, informed me that he usually killed fifteen or twenty ducks, and sometimes more, before breakfast. One morning he killed eighteen canvass-backs, besides four other ducks, in half an hour. He and five other shooters killed seventy-two canvass-backs on the wing, besides others not counted, betwixt day-light and nine o'clock, A. M. Mr. Hall, the liberal proprietor of the island, permits any gentleman to gun there that chooses.

There are some points on Elk river where ducks are killed on the wing. Ordinary Point, on Sassafras river—Abbey Island, at the mouth of Back river—Rickett's Point, at the end of Gunpowder Neck, are excellent gunning grounds. Mr. Ricketts furnishes entertainment for gunners at the moderate price of one dollar a day, with the privilege of shooting on his grounds. He formerly did it gratis, but fonnd this too expensive.

Carroll's Island, at the mouth of the gunpowder river, opposite Ricketts' Point, is the best place to kill ducks in the state of Maryland, not excepting Miller's Island. It is at present rented by a club, by the rules of which no member is permitted to invite his best friends to shoot with him. Such a rule as this does not exist any where else in the state. The very hospitable proprietors of the shores in Maryland never refuse strangers the privilege of shooting; and one of the members even of the Carroll's Island Club would not be turned away. The Havre de Grace sharp-shooters have it in contemplation, next fall, to rent some convenient place near the island, and range their floating battery every morning, in a line with the bar that connects the island with the main land.

When the rivers are frozen, the ducks fly up and down the shores, looking for holes in the ice. If there are none, they go down the bay where the water is open. If they find a hole, they crowd into it as thick as they can sit. Holes are sometimes cut in the ice; and if they could be kept open, almost any numb r of ducks could be killed. If a number of stones or chinks of wood (such as are found on the shore) be thrown out on the ice, the ducks that are flying at a great distance, on the look out for holes, will mistake them for ducks feeding, and fly to them or near enough to be shot. These stones, when viewed separately, bear a very faint resemblance to ducks; yet the *tout ensemble*, when seen from a distance, has very much the appearance of a flock. Ducks carved of wood and painted would answer the purpose much better. I have often seen flocks of ducks light down on the ice amongst the stones before they discovered their mistake.

When the ice breaks up and comes floating down in large masses, the gunners go out in their boats, dressed in a suit of white linen; and their boats being of the same colour, look like cakes of ice. The ducks will suffer them to come within shooting distance, if they float with the current; but if they attempt to work up against it, the ducks will fly; for they know that ice never runs against the current. This sport is procured by labour and exposure, but often rewards the gunner.

The art of killing ducks is not to be acquired without an apprenticeship; and unless the person who undertakes it has a passion for it, he is not likely ever to become expert or successful. Any one may kill ducks sitting, in a flock, if they are near; but the greatest difficulty is in learning how to practice the stratagems necessary to get near enough. The gunner should know how to tole, to manœuvre a skiff, and to shoot single ducks on the wing. He should be an accurate judge of distances, both on the water and in the air: he must have a strong eye and a steady hand; and never liable to be thrown of his guard by surprise or excitement. He should be bold, patient, experienced, and hardy. He must rise before dawn in the coldest weather, or be exposed during the night, in his skiff, amongst drifting ice; and often stand half leg deep in the marsh for hours, to abide the pelting of the pitiless storm." The ducks fly nearer the points in a storm of sleet or snow.

A great deal has been said about killing on the wing by shooting a-head of the bird; but the best shots, of whom I have inquired, all inform me that they never aim a-head of a duck passing them, but directly at its head or neck, keeping their guns moving with it when they pull the trigger; and they all say that ducks cannot be killed with certainty in any other manner.

The dipper is seldom killed, either flying or sitting. This duck flies like an arrow, generally about a foot from the surface; and dives from the air into the water at the flash, quick enough to avoid the shot. I walked up near some twenty dippers feeding: the other ducks that were with them flew, but they remained within twenty-five yards of me. They stopped diving and fixed their eyes on me without moving. Knowing that they were not so easily killed on the water, I hallooed, to make them fly from me, intending to shoot after them; but they refused to rise, and sat all in readiness. I put up my gun several times to deceive them, and took it down again, without firing. At length, when I thought they were off their guard, I fired my percussion gun at them. The shot made the water boil where they had been sitting close together; but every one of them dove after they saw the blaze at the muzzle, and before the shot reached them, and, coming up one at a time, flew away.

S. H.

American Sporting Magazine, 1834.

SHOCKING EVENT.

In a part of the United States the dead are never left alone till the earth is thrown upon them, and, as a friend of the family, I had been called upon for this melancholy service on the night preceding the interment. It was a death which had left a family of broken hearts; for beneath the sheet which sunk so appallingly to the outline of a human form, lay a wreck of beauty and sweetness, whose loss seemed to the survivors to have darkened the face of the earth. The etherial and touching loveliness of that dying girl, whom I had known only a hopeless victim of consumption, springs up in my memory even yet, and mingles with every conception of female beauty. Two ladies, friends of the deceased, were to share my vigils. I knew them but slightly, and, having read them to sleep an hour after midnight, I performed my half-hourly duty of entering the room where the corpse lay, to look after the lights, and then strolled into the garden to enjoy the quiet of the summer night. The flowers were glittering in their pearl-drops, and the air was breathless. The sight of the long, sheeted corpse, the sudden flare of lights as the long snuffs were removed from the candles, the stillness of the close-shuttered room, and my own predisposition to invest death with a supernatural interest, had raised my heart to my throat. I walked backwards and forwards in the garden path; and the black shadows beneath the lilacs, and even the glittering of the glow-worms within them, seemed weird and fearful. The clock struck and I re-entered. My companions still slept, and I passed on to the inner chamber. I trimmed the lights, and stood and looked at the white heap lying so fearfully still within the shadow of the curtains; and my blood seemed to freeze. At the moment when I was turning away with a strong effort at a more composed feeling, a noise like a flutter of wings, followed by a rush and a sudden silence, struck on my startled ear. The street was quiet as death, and the noise, which was far too audible to be a deception of the fancy, had come from the side toward an uninhabited wing on the house. My heart stood still. Another instant, and the fire-screen was dashed down, and a white cat rushed past me, and with the speed of lightning sprung like an hyæna upon the corpse. The flight of a vampyre into the chamber would not have more curdled my veins. A convulsive shudder ran cold over me; but, recovering my self-command, I rushed to the animal (of whose horrible appetite for the flesh of the dead I had read incredulously) and attempted to tear her from the body. With her claws fixed in the breast, and a howl like the wail of an infernal spirit, she crouched fearlessly upon it, and the stains already upon the sheet convinced me that it would be impossible to remove her without shockingly disfiguring the corpse. I seized her by the throat, in the hope of choking her; but, with the first pressure of my fingers, she flew into my face, and the infuriated animal seemed persuaded that it was a contest for life. Half-blinded by the fury of her attack, I loosed her for a moment, and she immediately leaped again upon the corpse, and had covered her feet and face with blood before I could recover my hold upon her. The body was no longer in a situation to be spared, and I seized her with a desperate grasp to draw her off: but to my horror, the half-covered and bloody corpse rose upright in her fangs, and, while I paused in fear, sat with drooping arms, and head fallen with ghastly helplessness over the shoulder. Years have not removed that fearful spectacle from my eyes. The corpse sunk back, and I succeeded in throttling the monster, and threw her at last lifeless from the window. I then composed the disturbed limbs, laid the hair away once more smoothly on the forehead, and, crossing the hands over the bosom, covered the violated remains, and left them again to their repose. My companions, strangely enough, slept on, and I paced the garden-walk alone, till the day dawned over the mountains.

Willis's Inklings of Adventure, just published.

JOHNNY BEEDLE'S THANKSGIVING.

"I says," says I, "Hannah, sposen we keep thanksgivin' to home this year," says I, "and envite all our hull grist o' cousins and aunts and things—go the hull figure and do the thing genteel ?"

"Well, agreed," says she, "its just what I was a thinkin,' only I consate we'd better not cackliate too fur ahead, for I didn't never no it to miss someth'n' happenin' so sure as I laid out for the leastest thing. Though it's as good a time now, far'si know, as any—for I've just weanen Moses, and'tend to take comfort a spell, 'cause a troublesomer and cryiner critter niver come into life.

"Exactly so," says I, "and if I'd a known every thing afore I was married that I do now" —says I—

"Hold your tongue for a goney, Johnny Beedle," says she, "and mind your thanksgivin'."

"Poh," says I, "Hannah, don't be miffy ; I was only jeestin'- and you jis go put on a kittle o' water, and I'll go out and stick a pig for you ; two if you like"—so away I went and murdered the pigs out o' love and good will to Hannah. I rather guess the critters wished I want so good natured.

Well—things went on swimmingly, and what was best of all, we had the luck to invite the minister and deacon before any body else got a chance ; for the very moment the proklimation was read I watched for 'em comin' out o' meetin', and nailed 'em both. But, as I was a tellin', Hannah she went at it—she got some of her gals to help her, and they made all smoke. In the first place, she went to work reglar, and turned the house inside out, and then tother side in again, all the same as darnin' a stockin'. Hannah is a smart willin' gal—and a raal worker—and a prime cook into the bargain ; let her alone in the doughnut line, and for pumpkin pies—lick !

So the day afore thanksgivin' she called me into the tother room that marm Peabody christned the parlor, to see what a lot o' pies and cakes and sausage-meat and doughnuts, she'd got made up, and charged me not to lay the weight of my finger upon one on 'em. I tell'd her I guesse'd she cackelated to call in the whole parish, paupers and all, to eat up sich a sight of vittles ; so I grabbed a handful of doughnuts and went out to feed the hogs and to see to things in the field. I was gone all the fore part o' the day, and when I went home, I found Hannah all hoity toity in a livin' pucker cryin' and takin' on to kill, and poor little Moses totling arter her and cryin' too. I declare, if I didn't feel streaked.

"What in the name o' natur," says I, "is the matter, who's dead, and what's to pay now ?"

With that she fetched a new screech, and down she whopt into a cheer—"Johnny Beedle, Johnny," says she—and with that she boohoo'd agin.

"What ails the woman," says I, "are you possest or what ?"

"The child is ruined," says she "Moses Beedle is ruined."

I kitched up the child and turned him eend for eend every which way, but I couldn't see nothin' extraordinary. I begun to think the woman was bewitched—and by this time was a good mind to feel mad. I dont know of nothin' that'll raise a feller's dander quicker than to skeer him out of his seven senses. So I gin Hannah a reglar breezin' for actin' so like a raven distracted bed bug ; and what with jorrin' a spell and coaxin a spell, at last I got the whole on't out of her.

It appears that about an hour or thereabouts arter I'd gone out, there was a man rid up to the door a horse back, got down and come in and asked for a drink o' water or beer, I ain't sartin which—but any how, he was a raal dandified lookin' chap, and dreadful civel spoken withal. So my wife and he soon got into a chat about the weather and sicha.—Well, while he set, the young one squalled in the bed room ; he'd been asleep you know with his mornin's nap ; my wife went and fetched him into the room, aud she obsarved that the man looked considerable hard at him as if he see somethin' queer ; tho' she didn't think nothin' at the time, but recollected afterwards. She was quite tickled to see the man take him and set him on his knee ; but while he was playin' with him—for Moses is a raal peeler, he ain't afeared of the biggest stranger that ever was, but directly he fell to pawin' about his head in sich a comical style, and talking to himself—and withal acted so curious, that Hannah got skeery and went to take him away, but he would't let her take him jist then, he said, "he wanted to examine his head."

"His head," says Hannah, "nothin' ails his head."

"Nothin' ails it ?" says he, "why it's the most rummarkable head that I've ever seen"—and then he went on with sich a string o' long words, there was no memberin' or understandin' half,—then he clapt his hand on the side of the little feller's sconcebox, "there," says he, "do you see that *divilupment*," or some sich word that sounded awful. "That what ?" says Hannah. "Vulgarly called bump," continued he.

"It aint a bump too, nyther," says his mother it's his natral shape."

"No doubt of that," said the villin.

"Well now if ever I heard the beat o' that," says she, "that bumps come natrul."

So then he told her they was only called bumps 'cause they looked like 'em—and the bigger they were, and the more there was of 'em the more different sorts o' capacities and idees folks had—and so on. At first she thought the man was stark mad— but he seemed entirely harmless, and so she let him go on with his stuff, and somehow, he eenermost persuaded her it was all gospel. He said little Moses had got the bump of destruction to an all fired degree, tho' it was in the mother's power to help it considerably. But when Hannah asked him if she must swathe up his head, he snortered right out—and then went on to say, that Moses had got jist such a shaped head as that man had, that was hung down to Boston last September. He finally talked her into a livin' fidget—polite as a stage driver, all the time, too, and so larnt, besides, that Hannah couldn't do nothin' but hear him paraphrase. So arter he'd drinked a quart o' beer, and Hannah cut a mincepie for him, he cleared—leaving Hannah in such a stew, that kept workin' up, and workin' up till she heerd me comin' into the house, and then it all burst out to once. A tempestical time there was, I tell you.

Now, by the time Hannah had concluded her lockrum, you may depend I was in an almighty passion—and it was amazin lucky for the feller that he was out of arm's length just that minit. But then I understood it all better than she, for I'd seen in the prints pieces about Franology or Cranology, or some such truk, that seemed to explain to my mind what the feller meant. But poor Hannah don't get much time to read newspapers, so that she hadn't heern a word. No wonder she took the man for a crazy critter.

Yet somehow, when I looked at Moses, I couldn't kinger help consatin that his head looked sort o' queer, though I wouldn't say nothin nyther :but says I, "Hannah, look here, that feller that's bin treatin you to sich a rigmarole of nonsense, is a rotten fool, and you're another. If iver I should light pon him, I gess I would give his head a bump that would save him from the gallows. All is, if you think any thing is the matter with the young one, why I'll go arter the doctor, and that'll settle it." "Do John," says she. So off I starts for Doctor Eldrich—but by the time I got to the house, I begun to think whata darnation goose I was to go on such a tom-fool's arrent. By good luck, howsomever, the doctor was out : so I jist left word for him to come to our house in the course iv the day, if he had nothin else to do.

Thinks I, as I trudged back, here's an eend to thanksgivin. Well, to rights, Doctor Hosannah Eldrich he's deacon of our church, and sings through his nose a few. I declare when I see him ridin up the lane, I couldn't help feelin like a thunderin calf—so I jist made excuse to split up some kindlin, and left Hannah to give him the chapter and varse. Our wood-house is short of a mile from the house, but I could hear the doctor haw-haw clear out there. So I dropt axe, and in I went. S'niver the doctor see me, he giv me a hunch. "Aint yew a pretty considerable queer chap," sezzee, "to send for me on sich a beautiful bizness as this." With that he haw-haw'd agin, and my wife she laughed till she cried, jist to see the figer the doctor cut, for he's as long as the moral law, and couldn't stan up for lafin. Then I laughed tu, till the house rung—luckily our nearest neighbor lives a half a mile off, and is stone deaf into the bargain. So I tipt the wink to Hannah, and telld Hosannah 'twas all a joke of ourn to send for him ; (for I thought I should want to look cornerways and skwywoniky if he should tell the company about us nixt day. Besides I know'd the deacon liked a joke pretty well, even iv he got rubbed himself sometimes) So says I, "how did Hannah carry it out ?" Consarn it, iv he didn't jump right into the trap.

"Capital, capital," said he. "Botheration ! if I diddn't think she was in raal arnest !"

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown. that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them - it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 96 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

CUSTOM-HOUSE HOTEL,

CORNER OF PINE AND NASSAU-STREETS, New-York.—The subscriber having opened the above house on the European plan, is now ready to accommodate his friends and the public in superior style. The house is built on a modern and improved plan, and furnished with every convenience and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging rooms are airy and well furnished, and in perfect order. The ordinary is neat, convenient, and well furnished, and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords—served up by experienced cooks.

** Gentlemen on business will find this a most desirable and central situation, being near Wall and all the business streets; and the proprietor pledges himself that no pains shall be spared on his part to make visitors comfortable and perfectly at home.

mar 5 JAMES HORN, Jun.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to acy gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

ECLIPSE MARE FOR SALE.

A Gentleman has for sale a very fine sorrel mare, 5 yrs. old, by Eclipse, dam by imported Expedition. She has been a frequent winner, though not in training the present season. She may be seen in the vicinity of the Union Course, during the 2d Spring Meeting. For further particulars enquire at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. may 14

BAREFOOT,

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . . . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom

All other Mares . . . $25 the season

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker*; *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*; her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (11lb7. 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Artrois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50*l*., distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles. 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. eech, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 year old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1-2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse.

JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
Union Hotel, Long Island.

feb 20

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME, 1836-7-8.

Augusta, Ga.	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 a side; *Hickory John* vs. *Miss Medley*, Lafayette Course, Tuesday, 6th Dec.
Alexandria, La.	Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Cuahorna*, Rapides Course, 15th Dec.
" "	Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Rapides Course, 16th Dec.
Culpeper C. H. Va.	Jockey Club, Tuesday, 13th of Sept.
Charlestown, Va.	Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, Monday, 26th Sept.
Davison's Course,	Near Trenton, N. J. 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
Danville, Va.	Jockey Club, Tuesday, 11th Oct
Franklin, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Jackson, Tenn.	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
" "	Match, 1000 Yards, $1,000 aside, *Silk Stockings* vs. *Shawneytown*, 4th of July.
Louisville, Ky.	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Angora* of Tenn., vs. *Rodolph* of Ky., Wednesday, 21st Sept.
New-York City.	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Natchez, Miss.	Match, Mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Red Maria* vs. *Chuckfahila*, Pharsalia Course, Dec.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $2,000 aside, *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*, Pharsalia Course, Jan. 29, 1837.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside; *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 27th, 1837.
Nashville, Tenn.	Match, —— heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall of 1838.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Jockey Club, Thursday, 29th Sept.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, 1st Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Tappahannock, Va.	Match, Three mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Robin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cline*, Mount Clement Course, Monday previous to Fall Meeting.
Three Rivers, L. C.	Regular Meeting, 28th July.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic, Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

There's nothing gives Health like the Sports of the Field.

Come! come, my good fellows, attend to my song,
And I'll learn you the way to live happy and long:
Throw! throw off the tricks of the dull smoky town,
To rise with the lark, and lie down with the clown,
With your pointers and gun, to the stubbles repair,
To bring down the partridge, or fleet scudding hare;
To start the gay pheasant, in woodland conceal'd
For there's nothing gives health like the sports of the field.

The doctor to this, boys, will never agree,
It deprives him of practice, and lessens his fee:
To his skill and his prattle no credit bestow,
But leave him to botch up the musty old beau;
Or to wait on my lady, who fancies she's ill,
And always in search of a medical pill:
For the whole of my life I ne'er valued his lore,
But rejected his drugs, and can hunt at fourscore.

The merchant may toil from morning till night,
And all turn to profit, that turns to his sight;
But what are his profits when health is no more,
E'en though they amount to old Crœsus's store?
When pang'd with the gout, he sits down to repent,
And wishes his youth in the fields had been spent.
Looks up to the sportsman with health in his face,
And thinks with a sigh on the charms of the chase.

Thus you see, my good fellows, my thesis is true,
A sedentary life is the worst to pursue;
It brings on infirmities, sorrows, and strife,
And is sure to effect an abridgment of life;
Then who'd spend his days, who is favor'd with sense
In hoarding up nought but pounds, shillings, and pence?
Then fly from the town to the lawns and the farm,
Where the beauties of nature have plenty to charm.

Then mount your brisk coursers, and fly to the fields,
And partake of the bliss that activity yields;
Leave the dull plodding drudge to his ledger behind,
And the prig of the law courts to trouble mankind,
When winter approaches to drench from his urn,
And the finger of time shews the way to return,
You'll own that our sports leave no stings to annoy,
And the charms of your Chloe with raptures enjoy.

Effects produced on the Scotch by their Popular Songs.—No man who has lived among the peasantry of Scotland will deny the effects produced on them by their popular songs. During the expedition to Buenos Ayres, a Highlander soldier, while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him, but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side, and sung him "Lockabar no more." The spell was on him. The tears came into his eyes, and wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, "Lochabar nae mair!—I maun gang back—Na!"—The songs of his childhood were wringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenoch, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head in his mother's grave. Monthly Repository.

H. B.'s last are among his best. Three new sketches have just made their appearance—each admirable in its way. One is designated "The Irish Tutor."—And who should the tutor be but the Representative of all Ireland? and who should the schoolboys be but the Ministers of William the Fourth? A more comic scene could not be conceived. O'Connell is seated at the desk, in the paraphernalia of an Irish pedagogue, with the birch rod of "Repeal" sticking partly out of his pocket. The ministers are all ranged before him like a set of schoolboys, listening with the most respectful attention to his commendation, while he tells them they "are mighty good boys," and do not require "Madame Birch." The expressive insignificance of their size and appearance, contrast finely with the clumsy and gigantic figure of their master, and tells, at a single glance, a long history of political degradation, in a manner that cannot fail to produce a laugh.

Office of Poetry.—Whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the achnges of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness, to point out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight especially to those of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed.—*Milton's Select Works.*

In a village not an hundred miles from Cork, a medical man was one night disturbed by repeated tapping at the door, and on getting up found a labouring man soliciting his immediate attendance for his wife. "Have you been here long?" asked the doctor. "Indeed and I have," answered Pat. "But why did'nt you ring the night-bell?" "Och! because I was afraid of *disturbing your honour.*"

A Good Reason.—A statesman being asked "why he did not promote merit?" replied "because merit never promoted me."

"Tom! I say, Tom!" "Vell vot d'ye vont?"—"Oh! nothing, only how far d'ye got if you had'nt stopped?"—"Furder from the brayings of a Donkey."

The Senate did not sit on Friday. The members were off to the Washington races. A placard was stuck upon the Senate door, by some wag, on which was written—"*Gone to the Races—to return when sober. Gin gratis—and eight dollars a day.*" N. H. paper.

A Figure to Paint.—"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me, when I call him."

We find the following in one of our exchange papers:
Colonel. Major, we have promised you a rifle; (presenting it,) them's 'um.
Major. Be them 'um? I swow! Where's the horn?
Colonel. The horn, Major? come let's drink one.
Major. So let's. Them's my sentiment's precisely.

At a recent breach of promise case at Montreal, the plaintiff, Miss Maria Bouler, recovered $3,000 from the faithless one—Samuel Workman. No less than seventy tender missives were read on the trial, in open Court, which had passed between the lovers, during an unusually long courtship. Three thousand dollars is a serious sum to pay for the privilege of inditing epistles to a young lady, and we are "free to confess," if the tree is to be judged by its fruit, that we think the defendant has proved himself but an indifferent *Workman* in the present instance. N. Y. Emigrant.

The Demopolis, Ala. Bulletin of May 21, informs its readers, that on the previous evening, Col. Travathan fired at John Perry, and lodged two balls in his breast. Announcements of this sort should be confined exclusively to the *Bulletin.* Ib.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Smith lives, Mister?" "Smith—Smith—what Smith—there are a good many of that name in these parts; my name is Smith." "Why I don't know his tother name—but he's a sour and crabbed sort of a fellow, and they call him crab Smith." Oh—the d—l; I 'spose I'm the man.

Place all the uncollected newspaper bills in America, in one heap, and you would erect a mountain higher than any in the universe.

Wake Snakes.—The following pretty tough story has been told us, and if it had not been by a person well known for veracity, we should be inclined to doubt its being true, but as it is we are *compelled* to *believe* it. The person informs us he himself and another person killed, one day last week, a *snake*, of the moccasin kind, which measured 4 feet, 8¾ inches in langth, and 12¾ inches in circumference, and when opened found it to contain 16 small perch fish, 5 toad frogs, a large green bull frog, and one *snapping* turtle! Gallatin, Tenn., Democrat.

An Irishism.—"I was not aware that you knew him," said we to an Irish friend the other day. "Know him?" exclaimed he in a tone that comprehended the knowledge of more than one life time. "I knew him *when his father was a boy.*"

A Sign.—That was rather a severe joke of the man who cried out to the keeper of a grog shop, on seeing a drunken man, heels up, before his door, "Mister, your *sign* has fallen down!"

The point where the late eclipse of the sun first became visible was at Quito, in South America; and that when it was last seen was in the middle of the Island of Rhodes.

To prevent Musquitoes.—Attach a piece of flannel or sponge to a thread made fast to the top of the bedstead, wet the flannel or sponge with camphorated spirits, and the musquitoes will leave the room.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

JOHN SEFTON'S BENEFIT, SATURDAY, JULY 2d, when wil be performed

PAUL PRY.

Paul Pry, (with an imitation of the celebrated Mr. Liston) . . Mr. JOHN SEFTON.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

Psyche. . . . . Mr. JOHN SEFTON.

His first appearance, with (37th time)

MOBB THE OUTLAW, OR JEMMY TWITCHER IN FRANCE.

TRENTON EAGLE COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN FIRST FALL MEETING 1836,—*20th September.*—First Day.—For *all* colts 3 yrs. old—*two* mile heats—subscription $300 each—forfeit $100—four or more to make a Race, to name and close 1st Sept.

Second Day.—For three year old Colts—*that never won a race*—mile heats—subscription $300, each, forfeit $100, four or more to make a race, to close 1st September.

SECOND FALL MEETING.

First Day.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race. four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th October, Horses to be named at the Post.

Second Day.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by proprietors $100, four or more to make a race. O. BAILEY, *Sec'ry.*

Trenton, July 1, 1836.

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tueseay in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.

2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.

3. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.

2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.

3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.

4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.

5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.

6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.

7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

july 2

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

NEW-YORK AND PROVIDENCE STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the splendid Steamboat, PRESIDENT, Captain E. S. Bunker, or the BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Captain Robert B. Coleman, will leave New-York at 5 o'clock, and Providence at 12 o'clock.

For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad-street, or to the Captain, on board, at the foot of Courtland-street. feb 20

THOROUGH BRED COLT.

FOR SALE—a sorrel colt, three years old, on the tenth day of the present month—got by Talma out of Dove. *Talma* is full brother to Alice Grey, and was got by Henry out of Sportsmistress—she, by Hickory out of Miller's Damsel, the dam of Eclipse. *Dove* is by Duroc, out of Romp, (full sister to Miller's Damsel) who was by imported Messenger, out of the imported PotSo's mare, bred by Lord Grosvenor. On the surpassing excellence of the pedigree, nothing need be said to persons who are conversant with turf history. The colt has been carefully reared, and is clear of every imperfection. Persons disposed to purchase willl judge for themselves, how far his form and action, are in harmony with his descent. It may be added that he is from the stud which has produced Robin Hood, Post Boy, Tarquin, Ecarte, and Nelson, all winners, of whom one has made the best time in a two mile run, which our annals furnish, viz. 3m. 44s. and another is now fairly at the head of the American Turf. Three of these five, trace back through Miller's Damsel, to the PotSo's mare, and the other two, are from a Hickory mare; one by Eclipse, and the other by Henry. Apply after Saturday immediately preceding the first spring Meeting Union Course, at the stables of Mr. J. R. Snediker, where the colt many then be examined. April 23 1836.

FOR SALE,

A SMALL FARM, near the Union Race Course, L. I., lying between the Brooklyn and Jamaica turnpike and rail-road, near the hotels of Mr. John R. Snedeker and Mr. Jeromus Snedeker. There is on the premises a good house, with wings, barn, carriage-house, ice-house, and other out buildings, nearly new, and about 12 acres of highly cultivated land, laid out into flower and vegetable gardens and shrubbery, with an orchard of various kinds of fruit. The situation is a very desirable one. A part of the amount can remain on bond and mortgage. Possession will be given the 1st March. For terms, &c., inquire of

PETER NUFUS, 215 Front-street,
ABM. H. VAN WYCK, No. 1 Nassau-st., corner of Wall-st.

mar 5 tf

GEORGE DEARBORN, 38 GOLD STREET,

HAS JUST PUBLISHED, volume one and two of a new edition of the complete Works of Lord Byron. Volume 1st is embellished with a head of the Author, and volume 2d with a head of the Countess Guiccioli—both engraved for this edition. The succeeding volumes will be published monthly, each accompanied with a new and splendid engraving.

The present edition of the Works of Lord Byron will be completed in six volumes.

The volumes now published contain Moore's Life of the Author, including Letters, Journals, &c., to which is added, in this edition, a large number of Letters and other prose writings, not to be found in the English copy.

The Poems will occupy the four last volumes. The order in which they will be printed, is the same as that adopted in the octavo edition issued by the publisher of this; many poems will be included which are not found in the last London edition.

It is the aim of the Publisher to make this edition a medium between the voluminous English copy, in seventeen volumes, and the American, in one—giving at the same time a type sufficiently large, and volumes not too cumbersome for convenience. apr 2-6t

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A.M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, New-York.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

Sweepstakes open for 3 ys. old Colts & Fillies, over the Union Course

SECOND MEETING, Fall, 1836.—Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race: closes 1st of August.

1. B. Seaman names "Dusty Foot," by Barefoot, out of Agnes.

Second Fall Meeting, 1836. Two mile heats, for colts and fillies that never *won* a race.—The second in the race to receive back stake if five start; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of September.

1. Robt. L. Stevens produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
2. Robt. Tillotson.
3. I. S. Snedecor.

Fall, 1837. Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Closes 1st of July, 1836.

1. A. P. Hamlin, produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens " Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate " Henry Mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens " Janette and Henry.
5. Also, " Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson " Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton " Powancey and Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson " Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts " Phillis and Eclipse.

Spring, 1839. Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropt 1835. Entrance $1000; forfeit, $250.—Second in race to receive back stake: four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of Jan. 1837.

N.B. A stake open for 1st meeting, Fall, 1836. Two mile heats; entrance $1000; half forfeit: to close 1st September; four or more to make a race.

New-York, June, 1836. ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Secretary.*

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, VA.

SWEEPSTAKES OPEN FOR THE FALL MEETING OF 1836.

1. For three year old colts and fillies, two miles and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—unrestricted. Entries to close on the 15th July; four or more to make a race.

2. For three year old colts and fillies, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—to be confined to colts and fillies raised in Culpeper and adjoining Counties, and Counties next to adjoining Counties, embracing likewise the colts of the Counties west of the Blue Ridge that adjoin any County embraced in the general limits—but to be confined to colts that never ran a race; four or more entries to make a race. Subscription to close on the 15th July. Four entries already.

3. Stake; mile and repeat, for three and four year old colts that never won a race, raised and owned in Culpeper County. Entrance 100 bushels of oats; half forfeit. Oats to be delivered at *Culpeper Court House*, or at the Race Track, before the race.

4. Stake; for three year old Truffle colts, one mile and repeat. Entrance $50; thirty dollars forfeit; four or more to make a race. Entries to close on the 15th July, 1836.

Persons wishing to make entries in any of these stakes, will address—Dr. Philip C. Houghton, *Culpeper Court House, Va.* Besides these stakes, there will be a Proprietor's Purse and two handsome Jockey Club Purses to be run for, making in all, it is supposed, at least $1000 *cash up;* and a very interesting match race. These races will commence on the thirteenth of September, and continue three or four days only, so as to give time for the horses to visit the Course at *Charlestown*, Jefferson County, where there will be many attractions. The races there will commence on the 26th September.

There is a stake open for next spring, free for any three year old colt at that time, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit; four or more to make a race. Already three have entered. Entries to close on the 15th July. june 25

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

Killinworth, Con. June, 1836. june 25

TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, a man who perfectly understands the management of thorough bred horses to take charge of a three year old colt, within a short distance of this city. The very best references will be required. Apply at 36, City Hall Place. june 25 3t

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open, to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race; and, Second Day—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $[illegible] added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 25 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary.*

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches [illegible] they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting [illegible] London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, [illegible] not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. [illegible] at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26.

SUPERIOR TONED FLUTES, &c.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON.—The attention of amateurs and artists of Music is respectfully invited to an inspection of a valuable assortment of Flutes and Clarionets recently received from the manufacturer, among which are several of the celebrated Taylor Flutes.

The simple construction, the durability and elegance of the Taylor Flute render them worthy the attention of every performer on that instrument. They are manufactured of the best seasoned cocoawood, with eight or nine silver keys with double springs; silver hand with or without the ivory joint.

The superior construction of the keys stands unrivalled; they stop with the greatest accuracy, make no rattling noise, and are not liable to get out of order. The great fault of incorrect intonation in Flutes is well known. By close application and great care, the imperfection has been remedied in the Taylor Flutes. These will be found extremely easy to blow, and possess a superior and peculiar sweetness of tone.

Each of the above Flutes are examined by Mr. P. H. Taylor, professor of the instrument, and none are genuine unless marked "P. H. Taylor, Approved," accompanied by his certificate.

Also—Flutes and Clarionets of every pattern and number of keys, both silver and brass. Every instrument is warranted, and can be returned if found imperfect.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON,
201 Broadway, near St. Paul's

may 14

BELMONT HOUSE. NEW-BRIGHTON.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, is now open for the reception of company. Every effort has been made in arranging the Establishment, to render it a place of rural and agreeable resort. [illegible] large Bathing Establishment will be ready by the first of July; and the walks and rides [illegible] the neighbourhood are proverbially beautiful. The Steamboat arrangements give it advantages over many other Establishments in the vicinity of New-York. Gentleman desirous [illegible] being in the City, can arrive at their places of business as early as they would from the upper most part of the City. The hours of meals will be made so as to suit the wishes of [illegible] Dinner will not be announced until the Boat which leaves New-York at 3 o'clock, has arrived.

The house will be under the charge of Mr. James Meara, who is favourably known to the friends and visitors of the American Hotel in New York. The Wines and Liquors have been selected from the cellars of the Hotel, and will be found of the choicest quality.

EDWARD MILFORD, *Proprietor American Hotel, New-York.*

New York, June 4th, 1836.

☞ The Steamboats Water-Witch and Cinderella leave pier No 1, North River, at [illegible] 12 3 5 and 7, for New-Brighton. J. 11—4w

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, W[illegible] cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb [illegible]

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN.	Capt. A. Gorham
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop
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NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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